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FATHER'S TEMPTATION.

A Story in Two Parts.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "An Ambitious Woman," "A Gentleman of Leisure," "Tinkling Cymbals," "Adventures of a Widow," etc.

I.

Any one who should drift down by chance to-day into that long, broad street which runs diagonally from the Bowery into Grand street, and which still bears the rather suggestive name of Henry street, would find little there to remind him that thirty years ago it was a domain beloved by many of our most prosperous and cultured citizens. True, the houses are mostly wide of front and possess stoops and doorways which retain a certain dignity and grace of outline. But shabbiness, neglect and occasionally something worthy of a harsher name prevail everywhere. Henry street is now but a dingy memento of what it originally was. Thousands who once dwelt there with ease, thrift, and even elegance as well, have gone down into narrower and final homes. Many whose early memories connect them with it are domiciled in smarter up-town localities. The stir and push of all great cities has pathetically told upon it, for nearly all great cities are remorseless with their souvenirs of place and habitation. A quarter that is classic from reminiscence to-day is to-morrow steeped in the dreary oblivion of decay and soilure.

It is a little more than thirty years since a gentleman named Campbell Lawrence dwelt here in Henry street with his wife and one child, a boy. Campbell Lawrence had been what the worldly verdict would easily pronounce a fortunate man. He had left England, his native country, at the age of 23, with the aim of seeking a livelihood here. He had been graduated at Oxford, had strongly scholarly tastes, and had embarked for these shores with the idea of securing a position as teacher in some New York school. Not a lofty ambition truly, and yet Campbell Lawrence, believing that he could earn his bread in no other way than as an instructor of young people, let his hopes of the future aspire toward the ultimate proprietorship of a school modeled upon an ideal plan of his own.

These hopes were never fulfilled, but realizations of a much richer and handsomer sort came to him with succeeding years. A certain lawyer of considerable wealth, named Ezra Morton, who lived in one of the large, quiet mansions which then lined Henry street on either side, had recently been stricken with a lingering paralysis. Lawrence had brought a letter to one of Morton's friends. The invalid gentleman was just then in need of a secretary. Lawrence's graceful and attractive presence, abetted by the prestige of his Oxford training, secured him this position a few weeks after his arrival. He acquitted himself capably in his new capacity; a friendship soon ripened between the employer and his assistant. Old Mr Morton's days were numbered, but his faculties were still clear and alert, and he had always prided himself upon a quiet, unerring judgment of human character. Before a year had passed, his respect for Lawrence was no less thorough than the trust which he reposed in him. The old gentleman had a single child, Rosa, aged about 18, who had been motherless since she was a little girl. Rosa Morton was not a beauty in any florid or romantic sense, and yet she had a winsome, womanly, cultured personality that inspired love in the young secretary's heart after a rather brief acquaintance. He began by secretly smiling at what he termed her "Americanisms" (and such national traits at that remoter day were keener than in these times of swift transatlantic goings and comings), but he soon ended in honestly loving them. Rosa was an heiress; she would have the Henry street house and a certain fortune of a hundred thousand dollars besides. This meant ample wealth for any New Yorker in the year 1855, and Rosa could easily have taken her choice among well-to-do admirers. But she preferred the penniless young man from England, and soon found that her preference was parentally sanctioned. During the next year she and Lawrence were married, a little while before the last sudden stroke which terminated Mr. Morton's life.

Lawrence now awoke, as it were, to a recognition of the extraordinary kindness of destiny. He had married where his heart lay, and he had won a faithful, exceptional wife. But he also won while still in early manhood, position, affluence, the most enviable mental and physical comfort. No need, hereafter, to struggle and toil for mere daily sustenance. The old ambitions died within him a natural death, and new ones took their place. He had long ago despaired of ever securing that placid leisure which he believed inseparable from all worthy literary productiveness. But now the leisure once believed unattainable met him on every side with its soft and welcome contact. He could live his life just as he had once fondly dreamed of living it. And the wife whose desires and purposes were only too ready to blend their ardor with his own smiled the most loving indulgence upon the fresh future which had opened before him.

A boy was born to them in the second year of their marriage. They named him Gerald, after Lawrence's dead father in England, who had been a rector in a small country town, and a man whose fine intellect and spotless character his Americanized son was never tired of recalling with filial praise. Gerald was the only child given them and they both lavished upon him untold love and tenderness.

Among all honors which a man of letters can ever be permitted to reap, that of enrollment with the poets of his time was to Campbell Lawrence most satisfactory and enticing. He had till now looked with a sort of dubious reverence upon all personal attempt to achieve poetic fame. The fervor, the aspiration, perhaps even the genuine ability, he argued, were all within him; but would there not be the audacity of desecration itself in mingling those high and fine moods of the muse with the jar and worry of practical self-support? It did not occur to Lawrence that if he had possessed the true voice of the poet his songs would have rung out high and dulcet above all workaday discords. However, his environment, as he told himself, had now become forcibly stimulating. He fitted up a room in the house as his study, filled it with books, and made it one of those attractive retreats in which luxury is tempered by the nicest refinements of taste. Here he would spend hours, writing his verses. Often his wife would enter the apartment, his sole admitted and undisturbing visitor during the period of his labor. He would sometimes continue writing when she appeared, and if she chose to seat herself near him, he would stretch out his hand and silently press her own. Or now and then he would read her passages from his work. She would always praise it, for it always seemed to her strikingly worthy of praise. She was far from being ignorant or unlettered, but if her fund of critical acumen had been much larger than it was she would no doubt have praised precisely the same. Love blinds us to many misdeeds besides those embodied in the stanzas of our wives, husbands or sweethearts. Mrs. Lawrence thought sincerely enough that her husband's coming volume of poems would be a series of masterpieces, and she already saw him wreathed with the laurels which his generation must gladly bestow.

"My collection is now nearly complete," he said to her one day, about three years after their marriage. "I have only to write the dedication to you and then all will be ready for a publisher."

She smiled and looked affectionately into his face with her brown dove-like eyes. "That will be no labor for you, I am sure, Campbell," she said, "or at best only one of love."

"True," he answered. And then as if shaping in words what had long lain in his thought, he slowly added: "But Rosa, I want an opinion on the work before it goes to press. You understand, my dear?"

"An opinion?" she questioned surprisedly.

"Yes. I want some man of proved genius as a poet to read my lines and tell me frankly what he thinks of them. And who is there here in New York? It is, after all, only a big overgrown commercial village. Of course, it will intellectually change during the next twenty years or so, but at present I have scarcely an acquaintance here who would even sympathize with my poetic design apart from either understanding or appreciating it. Now in Boston it is different."

"Boston. Oh, yes," murmured his wife, showing that instant respect for what was then truly the "Athens of America," which so many cultivated minds in our larger city had securely acquired. "But whom do you know in Boston, dear Campbell, whom you could safely consult?"

"A pleasant correspondence, as you seem to forget, Rosa," was Lawrence's answer, "has of late sprung up between the Poet L— and myself. L— is still young in fame, but his accomplishments have not merely received the approval of all important critics; they are beginning to be recognized as a rare and national product. I think L— would receive me with courtesy if I went to him, and extend to me the candid valuation of which I stand in need. I have already more than half made up my mind to visit him during the next month."

Lawrence soon afterward decided positively to make this pilgrimage. He did so, and L— received him with all desired gentility. But when it came to a frank criticism upon the proffered verses, there this Boston poet's reception underwent a marked chill. He read all the poems attentively, and then did what so few men under like circumstances will ever do: he told the plain truth.

"What you have shown me, Mr. Lawrence," he said, with the gentlest amiability of manner, "has an unerring correctness of metrical form. It is evidently the work of a scholar. But I regret to tell you that it is no more."

"You mean that it is not poetry?" exclaimed Lawrence, aghast.

L— slowly nodded. "You have made it easier for me to give you my honest judgment," he answered, "by putting me that abrupt question. Yes, I do mean that it is not poetry."

Lawrence returned to New York a sadder and wiser man. Whatever humiliating conviction of their truth the Bostonian's words may at first have engendered began rapidly to lessen and vanish after he had left L—'s presence. His wife, too, almost angered by the unfavorable decision reported to her, and certainly stung into a loving sense of injury by its presumed unfairness, mingled her consolation with the sort of eulogy that he who heard it found preciously grateful.

"Every poet, my dear Campbell," she insisted, "has his own special ideal, his own peculiar cult. Will you be foolish enough to accept as infallible the disapproval of one fellow-writer, no matter how much you respect his abilities? Seek the more liberal acknowledgment of the world. You have influence enough to publish your book in England; there is that London publisher of whom you have often spoken as your father's old friend. Let the book appear on both sides of the ocean, and then watch its effect with that select few whose approbation or disfavor will alone have telling weight."

Lawrence took the easy counsel conveyed in these words. He published his poems both here and in England—and waited. The book failed to stir the least ripple of interest. It was not assailed nor contemned; it was not commended nor lauded. It was dismissed with cold respect and nothing more. The influences of Scott, of Wordsworth, of Byron, of Keats, were in separate reviews touched upon, one after another. The flawless method of prosody was repeatedly noticed. But not a sneer of animadversion, as not a pulse of enthusiasm, gave distinctive spirit to the general reception of the volume. It fell flat upon the reading public, and was in most cases, very probably, forgotten as soon as read.

Lawrence suffered keenly. The truth had dawned upon him at last, and it dealt him a crushing blow. What, after all, had this windfall of early prosperity meant to him but the realization that his aims far transcended his powers? If he had fought and striven for years against harsh odds of poverty, he would at least have kept the cheer within his soul of having been born for nobler ends. But now the veil of illusion was ruthlessly torn. He saw his own weakness and shortcoming. Opportunity had been given him, and he had failed to grasp it. He would always thus fail. The cruel truth was clear at last. He wept tears of blood; it was an actual anguish of poignant self-discovery. It was one of those noiseless and covert tragedies of the human soul, bitter, perhaps, as any that we know.

"I shall never write another line of poetry as long as I live!" he told his wife; and he kept his word.

But he wrote, nevertheless. Like so many men who are fated to feel though not to create in the largest imaginative way, he possessed the natural gift of a fluent and lucid prose style. A scholar of no mean acquirement, the idea came to him of writing a history which should combine rigid accuracy with picturesque and eloquent narration. He chose Byzantium, from the accession of its first emperor to the final overthrow of the Roman Empire, and he set to work upon his undertaking, after several months of despondency, with a vigor that put gleams of encouragement into his wife's tender eyes, and spoke well for his own inherent fortitude. If he could not win the golden prize he would try for the silver one. The crown of oak leaves would have its value, even if he missed that of bay.

But his wound ached and bled, always. It never really healed. He strove to hide his chagrin, his disappointment, and did so to all except his wife. She alone knew and understood, and yet it was only at times that the sad truth plainly rose before her. She took keen interest in his new literary plan, and when it became necessary for him to delve among the resources of the famous foreign libraries, she readily sailed with her young son and himself for European shores.

They remained abroad several years, and Lawrence's great work (it had now become tacitly accepted as "a great work" by the two most concerned in it) was still far from completion. When Gerald was in his thirteenth year they returned to New York. Their son had meanwhile grown to be a most winning and lovable boy. He had the brown eyes of his mother, and his hair was a rich chestnut, shot through with golden threads. His aptitude for all kinds of study was remarkable. There had been some talk of sending him to Columbia College, then a mere high school in King street, but as his intelligence gave wider proof of its capacity, Harvard College was determined upon.

Gerald studied under tutors for two years longer in New York, and then entered Harvard with flying colors. His vacations were always the bringing home of more than merely creditable reports. He had gained the highest rank in all departments of study. He was head of his class, as our American term has it, in everything.

Lawrence took the deepest pleasure in his son's collegiate triumphs. As for Mrs. Lawrence, she was overjoyed past expression. Her boy's brilliant promise atoned for the disappointment wrought by her husband's thwarted aspiration. As a matter of course, Gerald became acquainted with his father's absorbing pursuit. He was naturally reticent, and those who were in his society often left it with the impression that he was not conversationally notable, while at the same time they some how admitted his excellent endowments.

Social New York life in those days had not the modish flutter and ostentation of to-day. When Gerald returned home from Harvard he was not lured into the fashionable foilies of the assemblies, the Patriarchs, or the F. C. D. C. Dancing Class. All these blooms of civilization were yet in the bud. He went to certain decorous and simple entertainments and enjoyed them. But he showed no taste for festive pleasures. Always he seemed like one who feels the visitant presence of some continual brooding preoccupation. Both his parents noticed this, and in the last year of his sojourn at college both communicated their solicitude one to another. Was Gerald ill? Had some sentiment seized him with its delicate, amorous grasp off there in Cambridge? What was really the matter? Was anything really the matter, or was their parental love merely at fault?

They soon learned that something seriously was the matter, though the anxiety which they suffered may have sprung from a different origin. One day, scarcely a week after Gerald had returned from Boston with credentials that certified he had been graduated from Harvard at the head of his class, he fell back upon a sofa in the drawing room of his parents' Henry street house, while several guests were assembled for the purpose of giving him their congratulations, utterly unconscious.

Before a doctor had been summoned he had rallied and recovered. He laughed lightly at the attack, and declared it simply a result of overwork during the last examination at Harvard, and nothing more. He quieted the fears of both his parents by soon afterward appearing in his usual health and spirits. But the physician who had attended him shortly after his swoon had spoken candidly at his own solicitation. Gerald, brave and full of self-command, had insisted that the physician should reveal nothing of the real truth to his father or mother.

"They both love me dearly, Dr. Southton," he said, "and if they knew I had a mortal malady of the heart they would be in a perpetual state of worriment. You will promise me, therefore, that you will tell them nothing?"

"I promise," Dr. Southton had answered.

It is possible that Gerald's deportment toward his father changed from that time thenceforward. They had always been on the most intimate terms together. During Gerald's early schooling in Geneva many had been the loving voyages paid to him from Paris by his father, absorbed in studies at the Bibliotheque Nationale. Gerald knew of the Byzantine history as he knew of his boyish hoops and kite. He came, one morning, into his father's library, and after watching the usual work at the long-meditated manuscript, he said:

"Father, you have never known a certain fact about this boy of yours, carefully as you have watched and guarded him."

"You have a secret from me, my son?" Lawrence asked surprisedly.

"Yes, father, a secret. I have tried my hand at verse."

"At verse!" The words of Lawrence rang with a certain scoffing bitterness.

"Yes, father, at verse."

"Let me see what you have done," said Lawrence, and as he spoke the words a cogent memory of his own defeat and surrender swept through his soul.

Gerald sank into a chair near his side. He drew forth a manuscript and quietly began to read it. He had read for perhaps five minutes when his father suddenly and harshly interrupted him.

"Gerald, is this yours?"

"Yes, father," Gerald answered. "Do you like it?"

"Like it?" murmured Lawrence, "why, my dear boy, it is wonderfully fine!"

And it truly was. Youth spoke in the verses, but genius spoke too. The imagery, the feeling, the selection of epithet, was more than merely remarkable; each told of a nature endowed with capacity to express in the sure, sweet phrase of art, sensibility, passion and careful reflection. Lawrence had felt, as he read, the sense of a new personality in literature. It had rushed warmly, blandly upon him like the breeze of a summer dawn.

His son was a true poet! He had never been one; he had only had the longing, the scholarly equipment, the eager and fervid intention. But Gerald, after no apparent struggle, after what seemed to be solely the most natural and easy impulse, had attained something unique and brilliant in poetic composition.

Lawrence put away his son's manuscript, telling Gerald that he would retain it for further consideration. The subject of the poem was Cortes, the Mexican conqueror. Its material was evidently taken from Prescott's immortal history. But Gerald had woven about the whole tale of that memorable conquest a glamour, an enchantment, which the real poet can alone evoke.

An agony of jealousy now assailed Gerald's father. He had always loved his son, till now, in the most disinterested and devoted way. But now he was wildly, almost fiercely, jealous of him. He strove to conquer the new sensation, but in vain. He locked himself within his library for hours and remained there, doggedly pacing the floor, with bent head and compressed lips. His wife wondered at his altered moods, but he told her nothing. He would rather have died than reveal the truth to her, or to any one on earth. He almost loathed himself for feeling as he did. He hated to have Gerald approach him, though he still loved the boy as fondly as ever. And yet Gerald's very existence now seemed a mockery, a sarcasm upon his own!

"Campbell," his wife said to him one day, "you are ill. You must see a doctor. Do not attempt to deceive me. You remain closeted for hours, but it is not your history which absorbs you. I suspect you have scarcely touched it for weeks. And Gerald—"

"Well?" he questioned. "What of Gerald?"

"You never notice the boy. When he speaks to you it is seldom that you ever give him an answer. It is just as if you had taken some strange dislike to him. And you have grown haggard, thin—you are no longer your dear self. Oh, Campbell, what is your trouble?"

"Nothing," was the answer.

"You say this to me—your wife?"

"Yes," Lawrence replied with a fierce accent. "Nothing is the matter. Pray, Rosa, leave me alone." And he passed again into his library.

But Gerald approached his father some days later, and gently insisted on his kindly heed. "You are in some wretched sort of trouble," he said, "and you must not continue morbid and uncommunicative like this. You must reveal your trouble. What can it be? Mamma and I will share with you. We are both full of sympathy for you. Matters cannot go on as they are doing. Father, tell me the truth!"

"I have nothing to tell you, Gerald," Lawrence answered. And then, suddenly, he gave an alarmed cry; for Gerald's face had taken an ashen pallor, and the youth sank backward upon the lounge near which he had been standing. It was an attack of his heart disease, and an attack from which he never revived. When his father reached his side he was gasping and half unconscious. He lingered for two hours in a state of coma, and then quietly died.

II.

Gerald's death was the most dreadful of blows to both his parents. Mrs. Lawrence was unable to attend the funeral, so thoroughly had grief prostrated her. Lawrence suffered torture for days, and finally showed himself among his acquaintances with hair and beard perfectly white. But sorrow had not entirely wrought this change. He had loved Gerald, and he had keenly suffered on losing him. Yet the passionate temptation to put his name to the poem Gerald had left was now strong in his heart. Who could ever know the actual fact, if he did so? The world would surely admit him to be a poet if he should print "Cortes" as his own work. He had read it over again and again, since his son's death, and each new reading convinced him the more clearly of its beauty and power. Of course the suppression of its true authorship would be horrible. He recoiled before the crime even while he felt the deadly stress of its fascination.

He had never voluntarily committed a sinful act before. He had never till now known the real meaning of temptation. Honor and rectitude had been with him has natural as the process of drawing his breath. The only great emotion of his life, for years and years, had been ambition to shine as a poet and the sharp disappointment of conceding to himself that this was an unattainable dream. A little while ago, if he had heard that any such baleful desire as the present one could have lured him, he would have scoffed at the prophecy as something which dealt in the wildest improbability. As it was, the guilty longing had sprung upon him with an insidious, tiger-like suddenness. He struggled against it with secret energy, and silently cursed himself for having it. All the morality of his past life was arrayed against it. There were moments when he assured himself that he had laid it aside forever, and that it would hereafter revisit him only as the gloomy memory of some hateful nightmare. But then, after a few hours, the demon awoke with added malevolence. He began to recognize that his power of resistance was weaker than the force of his subtle foe.

"It conquers me," he at last told himself. "I yield to it. In my own conscience I shall forever be a villain, a traitor. But before my fellow-men I shall at least go to my grave with unblemished repute."

His Byzantine history needed but a few more chapters to effect its completion, but he could not touch it. He doubted if he could ever add to it another capable line. His mind was in acute and incessant torment notwithstanding the strange lurid kind of pleasure which his final decision had wrought in him.

The extreme change in his manner, his fits of moody silence, his groping and insecure walk, his abstracted and tremulous language, were all assigned by his wife to but a single cause. She herself was heart-broken at the loss of her son, and she never dreamed that the severe alteration in her husband was occasioned by another reason than that of poor Gerald's death.

"I must be frank with you," she said to him one day. "You seem to be on the verge of an illness. We had best go abroad again, and as soon as possible."

"Go abroad," he repeated; "no, no. I have work here."

"Ah, you mean the history," Mrs. Lawrence said. "I am glad, Campbell, that you have had the heart to finish it—to concern yourself with it."

Certain words rose to his lips, but an intolerable sense of shame kept him from uttering them. He knew that his wife was wholly ignorant of the existence of "Cortes." Gerald, in his absolute modesty had told no one of the work. And yet Lawrence felt what his wife's horror would be if she learned the act which he now really meditated.

"I must lie to her," he thought afterward, while seated in the seclusion of his library. "I must tell her that I have composed this poem in secret, and that I have at last determined to give it to the world. But how to begin? Ah, how ghastly will such hypocrisy seem when employed toward her!"

He at length resolved that he would place "Cortes" in the hands of a publisher, and not refer to it in the hearing of his wife until the poem was printed, bound and ready for the public. In this way he could rid himself of the torture entailed by preliminary falsehood. She would read his name on the title page when the book appeared, and it would then, perhaps, be easier for him to deceive her concerning its origin. Meanwhile his health grew feeble, he lost appetite, and slept either in the most wretchedly fitful way, or else dreamed for what seemed hours at a time the most agonizing dreams. One night he awoke with a terrible start, and found that he was standing in his night dress beside the half-faded fire of his library. He had risen in a state of somnambulism and traveled several chambers to the desk in which Gerald's poem had been placed.

All through the following day this circumstance caused him the keenest mental anxiety. He could ill remember the dream from which he had awakened on finding himself a sleep walker, but he had a vague recollection that it somehow concerned an injury which was being done to his dead boy, and which he had been swayed by the motive of averting.

The dream haunted him, and on the evening of the next day, while he sat within the library, an idea, abruptly born of it, seized upon his tormented mind. Why should he not in a certain manner cleanse his conscience of the darker criminal stain which must follow this deed of false appropriation? His Byzantine history—the labor of years—lay in the same desk with his son's extraordinary poem. What if he deliberately destroyed the history, making it thus a kind of votive, propitiatory offering to the dead? His own work should thus go down into oblivion, as it were, with Gerald himself. This would be a sacrifice that might appease the sting of remorse hereafter and perhaps add to the zest of his triumph as the accredited author of "Cortes."

He brooded several days upon this idea, and one night he determined to carry it out. The weather was chilly, and a glowing coal fire burned in the grate of his library. His wife had retired to rest an hour ago; it was now past 11 o'clock. He went to the desk and took forth the manuscript of his history. It made a solid bulk of sheets. The tears filled his eyes as he gazed down at the closely written pages, representing so many hours of careful toil. But what were they all in their elaborated rhetorial finish compared with the sweet, spontaneous brilliancy of "Cortes"? Hundreds of men could have written this elegant, easy prose. But the verses of "Cortes" had in them the divine, unteachable spirit. They were that rarest of rare things, masterly and exquisite poetry. The history of Byzantium might mean reputation, but "Cortes" might mean an almost everlasting fame.

Lawrence, with faltering steps, drew near the fire. Its greedy heat devoured the leaves as he dropped them upon the scarlet coals. The work of destruction was soon ended. It is always so much easier to destroy than to create! What years of patient work had accomplished a few brief minutes annihilated.

He sank down on his knees when the last page was consumed. He was terribly agitated, and the mental turmoil of late weeks made him seem like the phantom of his past self. He moved his lips as if in prayer. He was, in reality, praying for pardon to his dead son. The words were inaudible, yet his clasped, uplifted hands betrayed their character and import. But presently he rose from his knees with a palpable shudder as if one of fear. On the threshold of a fearful crime, what right had he to deal in prayer? The sacrifice of his history could, after all, avail nothing. His wrong to the dead would not be one shade less dark on this account!

He thought something of retiring, especially as it was then a little after midnight. But now that he had taken the first positive step in evil, he felt a dread lest his wife might be roused from sleep by his entering their chamber, and should address to him some question which he would be forced to answer. "And how could I speak to her this night," he thought, "without betraying my secret? I fear it would crush its way through my lips no matter how close I locked them!"

He sank upon a lounge, covering his face with both hands and letting his head fall backward into one of the soft cushions. He had no idea of dropping asleep, and yet it is probable that the slumber which shortly fell upon him was one in which exhaustion of the body proved deep enough to overcome excitement of the mind.

His sleep must have lasted several hours, for the wintry dawn was gleaming spectrally in the chamber, and making the still lighted gas flare thin and sickly when he unclosed his eyes. And as he did so it seemed to him that he saw the form of his son standing beside a heap of ashes on the hearth place. It was a new heap of ashes, not the one his burnt history had made. So real and living was the form to Lawrence's sight that he uttered Gerald's name with a horrified cry, as he rose insecurely to his feet.

But an instant later the form had melted to nothingness. The shape Lawrence saw had doubtless been no ghost whatever, but merely the remnant of a dream which had not yet quite floated away with the departing mists of sleep.

Lawrence went to the hearth where that new heap of ashes lay. It had somehow attracted his gaze from the moment that Gerald's form had vanished—perhaps because the supposed apparition had faded into air so very near that especial spot.

Patches of white gleamed here and there amid the crisp, black debris. Evidently, as in the case of the history, sheets of paper had been burned.

A sudden thought flashed through Lawrence's mind. He stooped down and examined one of the scorched fragments. It contained writing—and in his son's well-known hand. But what was the writing? As he asked himself this question the sweat broke in cold beads from his brow. He peered closer over the fragment which he held. Five or six words were plainly legible there. A quivering moan broke from his lips. He turned and swept his eyes toward the open desk in which "Cortes" had lain. The manuscript of the poems was no longer there!

He reeled to a seat. He had understood now, or, rather, in the whirl and turmoil of his frenzied mind he believed that he understood.

"It—it is the vengeance of the dead!" he gasped. "My boy has risen from his grave to deal me punishment!"

And then there rushed through his mind the awful realization that both "Cortes" and his own history were irrevocably destroyed. Honor had been saved, but that only. It seemed to him as if the ground were rocking beneath his feet. He comprehended, as he had never done before, the magnitude of his own ambition—the greatness of the one hope which he had relinquished to secure the still larger promise of another. And now both were forever lost. An old age awaited him of goading despair, of immeasurable self-reproach.

Three or four hours later he was found seated in the arm chair which he often occupied, with head drooped sideways, quite lifeless. He must have died from cerebral paralysis, it was stated, a considerable time before this discovery.

If he had been in any sort of mental mood to reflect quietly upon the question of Gerald's poem having met destruction, he might have guessed at the real truth—his own recent proven habit of somnambulism. That would have told him everything—would have accounted for everything. He had repeated in sleep the momentous act just performed while awake; and he had repeated it, this second time, with the manuscript of his son's treasured poem instead of his own history.

And yet, explain the occurrence rationally as we may, does not the vengeance of the wronged dead seem to have spoken, on that fatal midnight, in the library of Campbell Lawrence?

Imagination may easily clothe with supernatural dress the severe outlines of fact. But even after science has fully satisfied us with her colder methods of survey, does there not sometimes remain, as in the present tragic instance, a sense of subtler and more mysterious law working steadily to its retributive end, though wrapped in deepest shadow?

Paragraphs New and Old.

A multitude of sparks do not illuminate.—*H. F. Amiel.*

Woman is a mirror of divine contradictions.—*Michelet.*

Call me not *olive* till you see me gathered.—*Spanish Proverb.*

In wishing to extend her empire woman destroys it.—*Cabanis.*

If woman lost us Eden, she alone can restore it.—*Whittier.*

Women detest a serpent through a professional jealousy.—*Victor Hugo.*

THE TOWN-LOT RUSTLER.

Life-Like Description of a Unique Western Character.

The Western town-lot rustler is a well known character. A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Gypsum City, Kas., has seen him on his native heath and describes him thus:

"Real estate rustlers are, in my opinion, one of the natural products of the West. They resemble wheat-plants in their imperious demand for virgin soil. No rustler can rustle effectively when hemmed in by costly buildings. They thrive in small towns which stand on the banks of insignificant streams, or on sandy deserts, or on sage-brush plains. They rustle most effectively in towns which contain from three hundred to six thousand inhabitants. The more dreary and uninviting the town the more energetically they rustle. I am deeply interested in these mysterious men. I have studied their habits for many months and in many towns, but I have been unable to solve the knotty problem of the origin of these strange beings. The famous problem of the lights or of the binominal theorem are merely intellectual toys with which to amuse children in comparison with this twister. There is something uncanny about the prompt appearance of a rustler in a new town.

"If a pilgrim is in doubt about the vocation of a gentleman whom he has met in a frontier town, and would apply a test sure to detect the most artful and deceptive rustler, he must utter the word syndicate while talking to him. And then listen to him lie. His eyes brighten at the word. He conjures up immense sacks of stacked gold. His voice quivers with excitement; he will talk till midnight of syndicates. Real estate is never bought by parties or associations of persons. The Boston syndicate bought lots 3 to 9, inclusive, in block 2, Ball's addition, on which to build an opera-house. The English syndicate, or the Wall-street syndicate, or the French syndicate bought so few or so many lots on which to build a $1,000,000 hotel, 'with an elevator and electric lights.' One young man, whose hair was red and appearance foxy, told me that 'a Philadelphia syndicate bought that corner,' pointing a dirty index finger at a rocky, sidehill lot in Wardner, Idaho, 'to build a dance-house on.' And he wondered why I laughed as I conjured up a group of obese Philadelphia Quakers building and running a dance-hall in a Rocky Mountain mining camp."

Shopping.

In inquiring for goods at a shop or store, do not say, "I want" so and so, but say to the shop man, "Please show me" such or such an article, or some other polite form of adress.

It is an insult, which should be resented by instant departure, for the clerk or proprietor to offensively suggest that you can do better elsewhere.

You must never take hold of a piece of goods another person is examining. Wait until it is replaced upon the counter, when you are at liberty to take it up.

Stage asides or whispering in a store are rude.

It is rude to interrupt friends you may meet in the store, to ask their attention to your purchases, before they have finished making their own. It is rude to offer your opinion, unasked, upon their judgement or taste in selection of goods.

Avoid "jewing down" the prices of articles in any way. If the price does not suit, the most you can do is to say so quietly and depart. It is generally best to say nothing about it, however.

Ladies are to frequently thoughtless in monopolizing the time and attention of salesmen in small talk, while other callers on business are wasting valuable hours waiting for them to have done.

It is rude to sneer at and depreciate goods. You owe courtesy to salesmen as well as to any other class. Use no deceit, but be as honest with them as you wish them to be with you.

Loud and showy behavior in stores is exceedingly vulgar.

Why Women Envy Men.

There are just three things for which a woman envies a man. The first is a secret not to be told, the second is the ability and power to go out whenever he feels like it at night, and the third is his being able to get along without rain-soaked petticoats slapping at his heels. A man's legs always look so comfortable in wet weather. He puts on heavy shoes, thick socks, turns up his trousers and strikes out. A woman on her miserable clothed supporters, has thin stockings, tight boots, and good-for-nothing sandals. Many female geese even cling to white skirts, which are just so much paper in the rain. Then out she goes. In half a block the backs of her legs from heels to knees are saturated. Her skirts are muddy and draggled, and her temper is ruffled and cut bias. If she chance to step, as often she does, into a puddle, her thoughts, if not her language, grow smoky. * * * If we could only wear the literal as well as the figurative trousers, especially on rainy days, we might keep as sweet-tempered as the opposite sex are flatteringly supposed to.

Large and Small Mistakes.

As a Scottish minister and an English lawyer were riding together, said the minister to his friend, "Sir, do you ever make mistakes in your pleading?"

"I do," said the lawyer.

"An' what do ye do wi' mistakes?" was the question.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go. And, pray, sir, do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Ay, sir, I have dune sae."

"And what do you do with your mistakes?"

"Oh, I dispense with them in the same manner as ye do yoursel'. I rectifee the large, an' let go the sma' anes. No lang since, as I was preachin' I meant to observe that the devil was the father o' a' liars, but made a mistake, an' said he was the father o' a' lawyers. But the mistake was so sma' that I let it go."

Calling Day.

Creditor—When shall I call for the amount of my bill, Mr. Smith?

Debtor—Oh, at any time. What day will best suit your convenience?

Creditor—Well, I have less to do on Thursdays than any other day of the week.

Debtor—Very well. Then you may call for the amount every Thursday.

Take Care of the Dog.

Mamma (to nurse)—"What is all that noise in the nursery, Marie?"

Nurse—"Ze leetle dog, Madame, has taken Mees Flossie's candy."

Mamma—"Well, take it from him at once, Marie, and give it back to Miss Flossie. Poor little Fido, he mustn't eat so much candy; it might make him sick."

Who Laughs Last.

Perkins.—And so you 're going to the fancy dress ball? What costume are you going to wear?

Smart Alec.—I think I'll borrow your summer suit and go as a tramp. What are you going to wear?

Perkins.—I guess I'll put on your diagonal Prince Albert and go as a looking-glass.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG. PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 15, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
J. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS
ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,
HON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,
HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Pawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.
JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

OF the 123,000,000 tons of commercial coal produced in the United States, Pennsylvania mines for the markets, 70,300,000 tons.

IN the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, at Washington, on Monday last, to further consider the nomination of Meliville W. Fuller to be Chief Justice, after a short session the case was again posponed for two weeks.

MRS. JOHN SHERIDAN, mother of Gen. Phil Sheridan, died at her residence in Someret, Ohio, at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Sheridan had been lying at the point of death for several days, and was kept in ignorance of her son's condition.

THERE is a tariff on manufactured shirts yet sewing women in the cities are only paid twenty cents a dozen for making them. If it was not for the protection to our "infant industries" the rich manufacturer would make the women pay for the privilege of making shirts.

OUR "Infant industries" are like all children who have been kept too long at the breast, hard to "wean," and imagine they must have high tariff milk. Let them get down to a diet better adapted to their constitutions and it will not be long until they can stand alone and wear pants.

THE Emperor of Germany is reported as much worse and there appears to be no doubt that he is rapidly failing. New complications are arising in the disease that the doctors are unable to combat and his life cannot be prolonged much longer. The Crown Prince William has been summoned to the palace and it will not be surprising to hear of the Emperor's death at any moment.

MINNESOTA is threatened with another invasion from the devastating grasshopper. Thousands of millions of the pests are said to be hatching out in the neighborhood of Perham, and other districts are just about as bad. The Governor is doing what he can to meet the plague and is purchasing and shipping supplies to the locality threatened with being the starting point of another grasshopper scourge.

ON Tuesday, at Washinton, a number of Republicans desiring to attend the Chicago Convention the Democratic members of the committee of Ways and Means offered to consent to a postponement of the tariff bill if they would agree to take final action at a fixed date and to set the time themselves. This proposition was not accepted for the reason as stated by one of the members of the committee that the Republicans could not agree among themselves.

THE Maine Republican Convention that met at Portland on Tuesday adopted the following resolution which shows that they still have a hankering for Blain's nomination: "That that this Convenvention sends across the sea words of good cheer to the Hon. J. G. Blaine, and expresses the earnest hope that he will soon return to this country to give the weight of his name and the force of his influence in aid of the Republican cause in the pending campaign.

IF the Republican County Committee will send a delegation to wait upon E. P. Baker, Esq., of Susquehanna township, that gentleman might be induced to accept the Republican nomination for sheriff. Candidates are not plenty with them this year and Mr. Baker would be better than none. He stood aside as a candidate for Assembly, to let Mr. James distinguish himself as a runner two years ago and he has been in training ever since. But the bosses never would give Baker a chance.

THE followers of Blaine still adhere to the idea of making him their nominee at Chicago. They can see no hope without Blaine and in fact very little with him, but the warm-blooded members of the party kick against the nomination of Sherman. If they can dead lock the convention it may be possible they can spring Blaine, rush him through and make him their candidate in the face of his refusals. The Republican party is in a sorry plight and nothing will save it from going to pieces.

THE honor, the credit and the praise are due to the American workingman himself for the position he to-day occupies. Not the tariff or any other tax, not protection by any party, not the fostering care of any set of men has put him where he is. Not these have accomplished the work. His own hands, his own brain, his own energy, his own industry, his own activity, his own sobriety, his own vigor, his own *honest hard work* under the blessings of the Government of a free country have done it all.—*Governor Hill's speech at Tammany Hall.*

"A SINGED cat dreads the fire" and James G. Blaine, after a three years study of the political situation has come to the wise conclusion that he don't want the Republican nomination for the presidency. If there was an earthly chance for an election, does anyone believe that James G. Blaine, in the prime of life, after striving for the past twelve years for the presidency, now that he could have the Republican nomination for the asking would give it up. Mr. Blaine has come to the conclusion that Grover Cleveland will succeed himself and that the grapes beyond his reach are sour.

"As to the second place on the ticket," said Senator Voorhees, who is at his home in Terre Haute, Ind., "while the Democracy of Indiana worked hard for the nomination of Governor Gray, yet the name of Allen G. Thurman is dear to us all, and he will receive the earnest and affectionate support of every Democrat in the State. Neither Governor Gray nor any of his friends will falter for a moment, and from this time until November the Democratic party of Indiana will set an example of united hard work for the cause which the party in other States will do well to imitate. In my judgment we shall carry Indiana."

As a sample of Republican statesmanship the resolution offered by Senator Chandlier, of Maine, in the United States Senate on Tuesday is unique, but has a familiar sound to those whose recollections run back to the day of carpet bagism.

Mr. Chandler offered a resolution "referring the credentials' of Senator Gibson of Louisiana to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, with instructions to that committee to report whether at the time of the alleged Senatorial election a Republican form of govermen existed in Louisana, and the election of Mr. Gibson was legal, and whether the Legislature was elected according to law; also to ascertain whether at such State election there was any violence or fraud which prevented a fair election, and whether false returns were made and counted.

THE committee appointed by the Convention at St. Louis, to notify the candidates of their nomination, decided on Thursday last to meet at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington, on the 26th day of June, at 10 o'clock A. M., and at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, to proceed to the White House formally to notify Mr. Cleveland of his nomination. It was also determined to request Mr. Thurman, the nominee for Vice President, to be at Washington or some convenient point for the committee, for the purpose of receiving his notification, and a letter was at once dispatched to Mr. Thurman, in order to give him time to make his business engagements to that end. The National Committee will also be present and accompany the committee on notification, at which time the organization of the National Committee will be perfected for the purpose of the coming campaign.

IN another column of our paper will be found the platform adopted at St. Louis, by the representatives of the Democratic party, on which its standard bearers, Grover Cleveland and Allen G. Thurman, stand for the suffrages of the people.

It is a short, clear and forcible statement of the principles of the Democratic party and makes the issue of tax reduction and revenue reform without any equivocation. The reduction of taxes upon the necessaries and the placing of crude materials on the free list are steps for the relief of the people which may not suit the grabbing corporations, rich monopolies, and bloated trusts, but with the plain people who are natural Democrats, it will be recognized as a necessary measure for their relief. The cry of free trade with a tariff still greater than ever was dreamed of by the fathers of protection to our "infant industries," like the bloody shirt is worn threadbare. It has no terrors to the people who have come to understand the Republican doctrine of imposing a tariff for the enrichment and benefit of a few corporations and the Democratic doctrine of collecting only such duties as will protect labor without eating up the fruits of labor by increasing the cost of living.

The collecting of 155 millions of taxes beyond the needs of the government is regarded as an imposition upon the people, a menace to the business interests of the country and a "condition" that should not exist. That all over and above the amount needed for the necessary expenses of the government, economically expended, should be left in the pockets of the people who earned it, instead of lying in the vaults of the treasury, a constant source of temptation to the profligate and reckless jobbers who are incessantly inventing ways of spending it.

The platform is a plain unvarnished structure, with solid foundations, no unnecessary gables, easily understood, and with Cleveland and Thurman on it, the efforts of the Republicans to confuse the people as to the real issue will not work. The collection of unecessary taxes is a monster of injustice and the Democrats intend to throttle it.

How It Will be Done.

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The Democratic Platform.

"The Democratic party of the United States, in the National Convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884, and indorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last annual message to Congress as the correct interpertation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction; and also indorses the efforts of our Democratic representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation.

"Chief among its principles of party faith are the maintainance of an indissoluble union of free and indestructible States, now about to enter upon its second century of unexampled progress and renown; devotion to a plan of government regulated by a written constitution strictly specifying every granted power, and expressly reserving to the States or people the entire ungranted residue of power; the encouragement of a jealous popular vigilance, directed to all who have been chosen for brief terms to enact and execute the laws, and are charged with the duty of preserving peace, insuring equality and establishing justice.

"The Democratic party welcome in exacting scrutiny of the administration of the executive power, which four years ago was committed to its trusts in the election of Grover Cleveland President of the United States, but it challenges the most searching inquiry concerning its fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people. During a most critical period of our financial affairs, resulting from over-taxation, the anomalous condition of our currency, and a public debt unmatured, it has, by the adoption of a wise and conservative course, not only averted disaster, but greatly promoted the prosperity of the people. It has reversed the improvident and unwise policy of the Republican party touching the public domain, and has reclaimed from corporations and syndicates, alien and domestic, and restored to the people nearly one hundred millions of acres of valuable land to be sacredly held as homesteads for our citizens.

"While carefully guarding the interests of the taxpayers and conforming strictly to the principles of justice and equity, it has paid out more for pensions and bounties to the soldiers and sailors of the Republic than was ever paid before during an equal period.

"By intelligent management and a judicious and economical expenditure of the public money, it has set on foot the reconstruction of the American navy upon a system which forbids the recurrence of scandal and insures successful results.

"It has adopted and consistently pursued a firm and prudent foreign policy, preserving peace with all nations while scrupulously maintaining all the rights and interests of our Government and people at home and abroad.

"The exclusion from our shores of Chinese laborers has been effectually secured under the provisions of a treaty, the operation of which has been postponed by the action of a Republican majority in the Senate.

"Honest reform in the Civil Service has been inaugarated and maintained by President Cleveland, and he has brought the public service to the highest standard of efficiency not only by rule and precept, but by the example of his own untiring and unselfish administration of public affairs.

"In every branch and department of the government under Democratic control, the rights and the welfare of all the people have been guarded and defended; every public interest has been protected and the equality of all our citizens before the law, without regard to race or color, has been steadfastly maintained.

"Upon its record thus exhibited, and upon the pledge of a cantinuance to the people of the benefits of good government, the National Democracy invokes a renewal of popular trust by the re-election of a chief magistrate who has been faithful, able and prudent. They invoke in addition to that trust by the transfer also to the Democracy of the legislative power.

"The Republican party, controlling the Senate and resisting in both Houses of Congress a reformation of unjust and unequal tax laws which have outlasted the necessities of war, and are now undermining the abundance of a long peace, deny to the people equality before the law and the fairness and the justice which are their rights.

"The cry of American labor for a better share of the rewards of industry is stifled with false pretense; enterprise is fettered and bound down to home markets; capital is disturbed with doubt and unequal, unjust laws can neither be properly amended nor repealed.

"The Democratic party will continue with all the power confided to it to struggle to reform these laws in accordance with the pledges of its last platform, indorsed at the ballot box by the suffrages of the people.

"Of all the industrious freemen of our land an immense majority, including every tiller of the soil, gain no advantage from excessive tax laws; but the price of nearly everything they buy is increased by the favoritism of an unequal system of tax legislation. All unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation. It is repugnant to the creed of Democracy that by such taxation the cost of the necessaries of life should be unjustly increased to all our people. Judged by Democratic principles, the interests of the people are betrayed when, by unnecessary taxation, trusts and combinations are permitted and fostered which will unduly enrich the few that combine to rob our citizens by depriving them of the benefit of natural competition. Every Democratic rule of governmental action is violated when, through unnecessary taxation, a vast sum of money, far beyond the needs of an economical administration, is drawn from the people and the channels of trade, and accumulated as a demoralizing surplus in the National Treasury.

"The money now lying idle in the Federal Treasury, resulting from superfluous taxation, amounts to more than $125,000,000; and the surplus collected is reaching the sum of more than $60,000,000 annually. Debauched by this immense temptation, the remedy of the Republican party is to meet and to exhaust it by extravigant taxation. The Democratic remedy is to enforce frugality in public expenditures, and abolish unnecessary taxation. Our established domestic industries and enterprises should not and need not be endangered by a reduction and correction of the burdens of taxation. On the contrary, a fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor, must permit and encourage every branch of such industry and enterprise by giving them assurances of an extended market and steady and continuous operation, in the interest of American labor, which should in no event be neglected. The revision of our tax laws, contemplated by the Democratic party, is to promote the advantages of such labor, by cheapening the cost of the necessaries of life in the home of every workingman, and at the same time securing to him steady and renumerative employment. Upon this question of tariff reform, so closely concerning every phase of our National life upon every question involved in the problem of good government, the Democratic party submits its principles and professions to the intelligent suffrages of the American people."

The Vital Question.

It is confessed on all sides that the one vital issue of the contest just opened by the nomination of the Democratic candidates is tariff revision and revenue reduction. They constitute one issue and they are paramount.

The tariff is accepted by both parties as the supreme issue of the contest, and it will be discussed more generally and more searchingly than ever before in the history of our political conflicts. It has been discussed in the past chiefly as a theory presenting the single question of protecting and encouraging manufacturing industries or cheapening all products to consumers and levying tariff duties soley for revenue; but it is now presented to the people as a practical question that calls for a solution of an anomalous condition of industry, commerce and trade. It is brought face to face with the people by the general paralysis of overtaxation and the extortion of needless millions from industry to overflow the Treasury and tempt authority to profligacy and crime.

Do the defenders of oppressive war taxes assume that the people can be deceived by the cry of danger to protection? Do they assume that the people will not be told and fully understand that the Mills bill maintains higher protection to our industries than were fixed by Clay, the father of protection, in the tariff of 1842, or by Morrill and Kelly, the present fathers of protection, in the tariff of 1861? The tariffs of 1842 and of 1861 were distinctively protective tariffs; they were made by protectionists for protection; there was no hinderance to the ample measure of protection, and yet the official records show that the tariff of 1842 taxed the people 33 per cent., that the tariff of 1861 taxed them 34 per cent., that the present tariff taxes them over 47 per cent., and that the Mills bill reduces tariff taxes only about 7 percent., leaving higher taxes and higher protection than were fixed by any distinctively protective tariff in the whole century of our Government.

What answer can be made to these indisputable facts? Is it surprising that such wise and sagacious Republican journals as the Chicago *Tribune* and the Minneapolis *Press* warn the Republicans of the danger of political revolution in the West and Northwest, and that the *Providence Journal*, the Republican organ of the manufacturers of New England, warns them of the danger of political revolution in the very cradle of Republicanism? Who can doubt that both Massachusetts and Illinois will be as doubtful as New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut on the great issue now clearly defined and accepted for 1888? It will be a great battle. It will be fought, as Chairman Hensel expressed it, on the cinder banks, in the mines, the shops, the mills, the fields and the homes of the country, and the Republicans will fight for the monopoly protection that has prostituted a wise policy to arbitrary and extortionate combines.—*A. K. McClure in Philadelphia Times.*

Blaine on Thurman.

In his "Twenty Years in Congress," ex-Senator James G. Blaine wrote of ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman as follows:

His rank in the Senate was established from the day he took his seat, and was never lowered during the period of his services. He was an admirably diciplined debater, was fair in his method of statement, logical in his argument, honest in his conclusions. He had no trick in discussion, no catch phrases to secure attention, but was always direct and manly. His mind was not preoccupied and engrossed with political contests or with affairs of state. He had natural and cultivated tastes outside of those fields. He was a discriminating reader, and enjoyed not only serious books but inclined also to the lighter indulgence of romance and poetry. He was especially fond of the best French writers. He loved Moliere and Racine, and could quote with rare enjoyment the humorous scenes depicted by Balzac. He took pleasure in the drama, and was devoted to music. In Washington he could usually be found in the best seat of the theatre when a good play was to be presented or an opera was to be given. These tastes illustrate the genial side of his nature and were a fitting compliment to the stronger and sterner elements of the man. His retirement from the Senate was a serious loss to his party—a loss, indeed, to the body. He left behind him the respect of all with whom he had been associated during his twelve years of honorable service.

The Case in a Nutshell.

"The man who asserts that to lower the tariff means free trade insults intelligence. We brand him as a falsifier. The aim is to uphold wages and protect the rights of all." The above extract from Daniel Dougherty's speech in nominating Cleveland at St. Louis expresses in a nutshell the position of the tariff reformer. It is a truth that neither Eastern monopolists nor Western trusts dare face. It is their aim to shroud the tariff question with a web of sophistry. President Cleveland's message on the subject was plain, concise, and intelligent. A schoolboy could not mistake his meaning. Yet from the coffers of the steel and iron manufacturers there continues to come, in accents of fear, the cry of free trade. Mr Dougherty brands them as falsifiers. He is right. They do not dare face the question as it really is. They distort the President's meaning and attempt to mystify the working men—*Chicago News.*

Lillie Blake Wants to Vote.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—In the Senate to-day Mr. Evarts presented a petition of Lillie Devereux Blake, president of the New York State Women's Suffrage Association, praying for the removal of her political disabilities, and asking that she may be invested with full powers to exercise the right of selfs government, all State constitutions or statute laws to the contrary notwithstanding. It was referred to the committee on the judiciary.

The Pope and the Irish.

ROME, June 12.—Cardinal Simeoni has induced Mgr. Percico to remain in Ireland and to continue to report upon information obtained by him.

The Pope, replying to a certain Cardinal, who requested that strict obedience to the rescript be demanded of the Irish, says that the Irish bishops know their duty well; that any pressing injunctions are uncalled for and would be useless, and that time will bring calmness and reflection.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady of this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and her death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Seventeen-year locusts have made their appearance in Illinois and Iowa.

—Albert Miller, of Harrisburg, was on Tuesday sent to jail for sixty days for kissing a girl against her will.

—A mass of copper weighing about 20 tons has been found at Copper Falls, Mich., and is being cut up into merchantable sized chunks.

—A package of toy bombs exploded in the pocket of a 13-year-old son of Ignatius Freeman, of Wilkesbarre, and he was fatally burned.

—John Smith, a farmer near Erie, had his head blown off by the explostion of a small cannon, Saturday, while participating in a political celebration.

—The world-famous Endicott pear tree, which has bloomed and flourished for about 260 years in an orchard at Denver's New Mills, Mass., is dead.

—Important plantinum discoveries have been made in Maricopa county, Arizona. The ore yields 10 per cent. which is perhaps the largest in the world.

—Elmira Jordy, a patient at Norristown Asylum, hanged herself the other day with a rope made of twisted rags, which she tied to a bar of her room window.

—A man named Bothbaker, living near Waterloo, Ia., attempted to punish his 12-year-old boy on Sunday and when the latter resisted, beheaded him with an ax.

—James Foster, colored, accused of criminal assault on the person of a little white girl named Howard, was taken from jail at Henderson, Ky., on Sunday night by a mob and hanged.

—P. G. Lewis, a ranchman at Bull Springs Wyo. T., visited Rawlins last week, squandered $300, and his wife's jewelry on corn juice and cards, and then borrowed enough laudanum to end his life.

—Auditor General McCamant has appointed H. C. Greenawalt, of Franklin county, Chief Clerk of the Auditor General's Department. Mr. Greenawalt was Cashier of the State Treasury under the Livsey administration.

—Twenty members of the Ancient Artillery of London, England, escorted by a delegation from the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston visited Gettysburg last week. The Englishmen were astonished at the wonderful extent of the field.

—A sparrow has built a nest on one of the trucks of a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western passenger coach and makes regular trips to Syracuse and return. The bird is sitting on two eggs, and seems to be undisturbed by the noise and confusion.

—A petrified pignut has been found in a coal mine near Wellston, O. It was taken from the slate which covered a coal seam. A mass of rock 60 feet in thickness rested upon the slate. The nut was in the hull and the petrification was complete.

—Yeagertown, Mifflin county, possesses a wonderful boy in the person of Master Dan. O'Hara, aged six years. He is said to be endowed with the gift of speech to an amazing degree as he speaks on almost any subject deliberately and intelligently.

—Charles S. Bonner and J. S. McCaulley, two of the oldest passenger conductors on the Pittsburg and Lake Shore Railroad, who were permanently disabled in a wreck at Wampum, Pa., have each brought suit against that road for $50,000 damages.

—Matthew W. Sedam, an eccentric old man who died at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was buried in a coffin which for 25 years he had kept in his bedroom. The monument over his grave was erected according to his orders fully 30 years ago.

—Alfred Wigget, of Reynoldsville, Pa., claims to have killed seven rabbits and a snake nine feet in length recently while out hunting. He says the snake had the rabbits charmed, and a single load of shot fired into their midst enabled him to bag the entire lot.

—A rara avis, in the shape of an intoxicated Chinamam, was seen on Broadway last Sunday night. He stalked along, singing a Chinese song at the top of his lungs. A few feet ahead of him was a companion, who looked ashamed at his countryman's conduct.

—Jacob Hibshman, an unmarried man, aged 45 years, residing near Lancaster, Pa., died of blood poisoning the other afternoon. Four weeks ago, while cutting feed for his stock, his right hand was pierced by a sharp fragment of hay, and that scratch caused his death.

—Burlington county, New Jersey, farmers are alarmed at the devastation caused by rose bugs, which are eating all the young grapes, peaches and other fruits, despite efforts to rid the trees of the pests. In one orchard near Moorestown every peach was eaten in five days.

—Michael Kalkomoke, who died in a miserable hut in Quincy, Ill., last week at the age of 80 years, was once a Hungarian noble who was exiled with Kossuth. He was a linguist of more than ordinary attainments and was familiar with all the tongues of Eastern and Southern Europe.

—The Board of Pardons on Monday decided to ask Governor Beaver to respite Samuel Johnson, under sentence of death for the murder of Farmer Sharpless, in Delaware county, until October 12th, to enable the Board to further investigate the case as presented by the condemned man's counsel in the appeal for pardon.

—In Paducah, Ky., Mr. Joseph Hebute, a rich German, upon going into a drugstore for something to heal a hurt got in the Franco-Prussion campaign, found in the man who supplied it not only a fellow German, but the same surgeon who had attended him when first hurt in the fatherland.

—The length to which some men will go to avoid labor is almost beyond comprehension. Thomas Cosgrove, a prisoner in Santa Clara, Cal., rather than work, has lived on bread and butter and water and in solitary confinement for two weeks. "No sweat-of-the-brow racket for me," he says.

—General Patrick Collins, who presided over the St. Louis Convention, got his schooling in Ohio while working hard in a coal mine and on a farm. At 16 he became an apprentice in Boston, and on the expiration of his apprenticeship had $1,100 to his credit. The same week he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature.

—A butcher at Cuthburt, Ga., took from the punch of a fat cow, one day last week, seven No. 8, two No. 6 and four No. 4 nails, and one staple, such as is used for putting up wire fencing. The staple and some of the nails were very sharp-pointed, and no doubt, all of them had been in the cow's stomach a long while, as they worn quite smooth.

—Two weeks ago Miss Sue Wixon, residing in Mullenburg township, a short distance from Reading, left home in a mysterious manner. She took with her three months old babe. On Sunday the bodies of both were found drowned in the Schuylkill river. The child was tied to the body of its mother with a rope. The cause of suicide was disappointment.

—A young married man employed by Richard Johnson, of Nazareth, as attacked by an infuriated bull at Easton, on Tuesday, while he was driving a bunch of cattle into the yard at Bush's slaughter house. The bull tossed the man in the air and against a building, but help arrived before serious injury was inflicted. The bull bellowed and whipped his tail like a lion.

—Ex-Queen Isabell, of Spain, who will visit England for the first time this season, has an income of $1,000,000 a year, but is always in debt. She maintains no house in Paris, but always resides at a hotel. She spends vast sums on horses. Her executive ability is clearly shown by the ease with which she constantly spends more than her enormous income amounts to.

—Dave Morris, aged 50, met death in a horrible manner at Whalen's shingle mill, Grand Valley, on Monday. He was filing a circular saw, when George Wilson, the fireman, started the engine. Morris, who was straddling the saw, was almost cut in twain, dying shortly. He leaves a wife and six children. The fireman says he thought he heard an order to start the machinery.

—Although the California and Nevada delegations at the St. Louis Convention brought many cases of turkey-red bandana handkerchiefs with them, yet there were over 21,000 of them sold in St. Louis during the convention. Most of the clubs brought their headgear with them, but apart from this the hatters of St. Louis were unable to dispose of about 2,500 of the Cleveland white plug hats.

—A shoemaker named Albert Wettber has been arrested at Crimmitzhan, Saxony, on the charge of having murdered a banker, of Watertown, United States, on August 25, 1886. The crime was committed for the purpose of robbery, and the murderer received $18,000. Wettber has since lived in various parts of Germany. An anonymous letter to the authorities, stating that Wettber was the criminal, let to the arrest.

—Some time ago Hattie, the wife of Edwin Warren, of Norway, Mich., left him and returned to her family. Last Saturday all she possessed was burned up in the great fire. On Tuesday she was on the street, when she met her husband. He demanded her return to his house. She refused. He at once shot her with a revolver, then picked her up, and, at the muzzle of the revolver, marched her through the streets to his house. She will die. Warren was jailed.

—Anna L. Hower, a female convict, made her escape from the penitentiary at Anamosa, Iowa, on Sunday night, by sawing off an iron bar over her window, in the top of her cell, and letting herself down by means of bed-clothes, then climbing up a rope and scaling the wall. She was sent from Cedar Rapids for eighteen years for murder in the second degree, she having assisted a man in killing her husband. She afterward ran away with her paramour. She had served five years. She is the first female that has ever escaped.

—On Monday night between 11 and 12 o'clock three tramps assaulted an aged beggar woman on the railroad near the Bushnell college building, near Lewisburg, Pa. The woman was awaiting the return of her husband who had gone to the college to beg a pair of shoes. The man heard her cries and upon coming to the rescue was knocked down and terribly beaten. The woman was then dragged away. A party of students came to the rescue however, and after a fierce fight succeeded in capturing one of the tramps, who is now in jail. The woman is in a precarious condition.

—Gottlieb Sheihaus, a German, arrived in this country a few days ago and went direct to Scranton, Pa., where he purchased a plot of ground. In payment he offered a thousand dollar bill, such as is used in the banking and commercial department of the Wyoming Seminary, and having the name of that institution printed on its face. When he learned that it was not money he broke out into loud cries of lamentation. He was heard to say: "I was afraid I was swindled. It was the savings of my life." He exchanged $1,300 in German money for the spurious bill the next day after his arrival in New York.

—Dr. J. J. Chisolm on Thursday last performed the operation of transferring a rabbit's eye to a man's head at the Presbyterian Eye, Ear and Throat Charity Hospital, Baltimore, in the presence of a large number of physicians. The patient had been blind for many years. A piece of the blind eye was cut out by using a very sharp circular punch driven by clock-work. With the same instrument a duplicate piece was taken from the sound eye of a living rabbit. The clear patch fitted accurately into the hole made in the man's eye. The operation was made painless by the use of cocaine. The best results are expected.

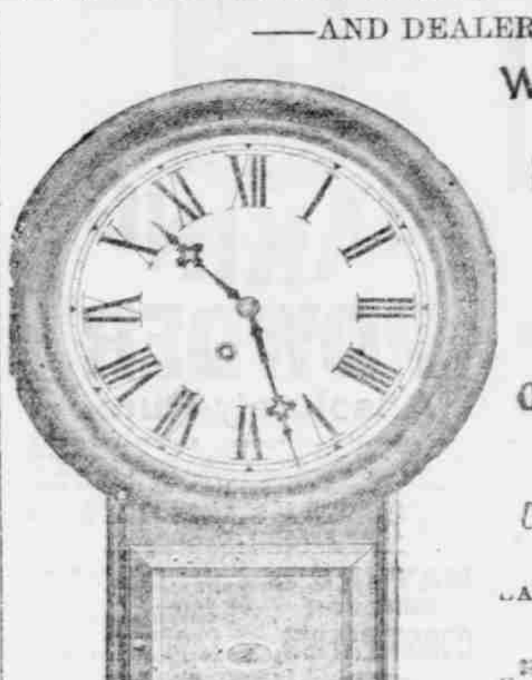
—At Sunset, near Gainsville, Texas, on Sunday, Dr. Wiley, a prominent physician, stripped his wife of all her clothing and beat her unmercifully. She escaped from him and ran through the streets, entirely nude. The doctor pursued her, firing at her with a revolver, but failing to hit her. She sought refuge in a neighbor's house, where the doctor, on attempting to enter, was disarmed and handed over to the officers. He was taken to the Montague jail to prevent lynching by the infuriated citizens. Mrs. Wiley, who is a most estimable woman, will die from the effects of the beating and kicks administered by her husband.

—T. Harrison Garrett, a brother of Robert Garrett, and a manager of the banking firm of Robert Garrett & Sons, of Baltimore, Md., was drawned on Thursday night in the Patopsco river. His yacht, the Gleam, in which he and a party of friends were coming to Baltimore from Annapolis, was run down off Seven Foot Knoll by the steamer Joppa, and sunk, being struck amidships and almost cut in two. All hands on the Gleam were rescued except Mr. Garrett, who was seen by a passenger on the Joppa to fall overboard. His body was recovered on Tuesday. Mr. Garrett was manager of Robert Garrett & Sons. His brother, Robert Garrett is still in Europe.

—Peter Alt, proprietor of the Arlington House, near the Pimlico race-track near Baltimore, was shot and almost instantly killed on Monday night about 9 o'clock by his son William, aged fifteen years. The shooting took place in the kitchen of the residence and was the outcome of a family quarrel. Alt's wife says the shooting was done in her defense. Her husband had been on a spree for some time, and just before the tragedy he came into the house, and, after breaking a heavy cup and saucer on her head, began to call her hard names and to beat her. She struggled with him and they both fell on the floor. He got a hold on her throat. She thought that he meant to kill her. She was almost insensible when she heard the report of a gun. Her husband's grip on her throat relaxed and he fell over on the floor. Young Alt, who is a bright-looking boy, was arrested and locked up after an affectionate parting with his mother.

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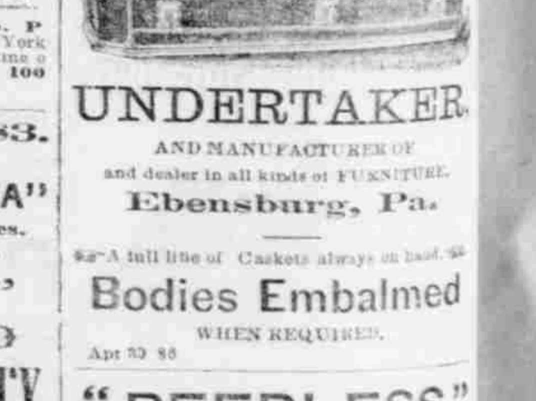
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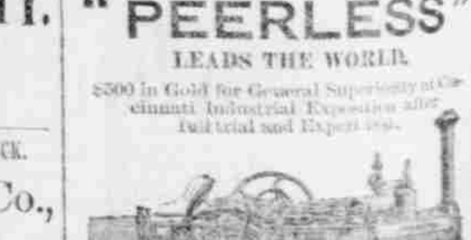


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LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The summer visitors are making their appearance.

—Mr. Bat. Hobart, of Clearfield township, dropped in to see us on Thursday.

—Some very fine black bass are being caught in the waters near town.

—Ex-Associate Judge John Flanagan, of Johnstown, visited our town on Tuesday.

—All kinds of job work neatly printed at this office on short notice and at the lowest prices.

—Mr. C. T. Roberts, one of our prominent merchants, visited South Fork on Thursday.

—Mr. John Manion, one of Susquehanna township's substantial citizens was in town on Wednesday.

—Mr. John Schroth, of Wilmore, who has been seriously ill for some time is said to be improving.

—E. Y. Townsend, of Philadelphia, President of the Cambria Iron Company, is stopping at Maple Park.

—Miss Minnie Linton, daughter of Mrs. L. H. Linton, of Johnstown, is visiting friends and relatives in this place.

—Father McEnrue, formerly pastor of the Catholic congregation at St. Augustine, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Mr. Lester Larimer, a fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad, with headquarters at Altoona, is visiting at his home in this place.

—Mr. L. Esterline, proprietor of the Mountain House, now runs a free 'bus to and from the depot for the accomadation of his guests.

—Ex-Prothonotaries C. F. O'Donnell, of Loretto; B. McColgan, of Wilmore, and John C. Gates, of Glendale, were visitors to our town on Monday.

—Mr. A. H. Faller who kept a restaurant in this place about twenty years ago was visiting friends in this place this week. He is now a resident of Butler, Pa.

—Patrick Hanlon was stabbed in the left groin by John Canfield in the house of the latter at Braddock on Friday night, and died from the effects of his wounds half an hour later.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Peter Hawn, the last of the noted family of Hawn brothers, died at his residence in Juniata township, Huntingdon county, Wednesday night of last week, aged over eighty years.

—Miss Amelia Bearer and Miss Etta Eckenrode, who have been attending the Normal School at this place for some time past, returned to their homes in Carrolltown on Tuesday last.

—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that there is no appeal from the decision of a license court. A Common Pleas Judge has full and entire decretion to grant or refuse any or all licenses.

—The Greensburg *Press* says: "The American Mechanics of Westmoreland, Cambria, and Allegheny counties will hold their annual pic-nic at Idlewild Park, on the L. V. R. R., Friday, June 22nd."

—Pension-agent Barclay, of Pittsburg, during the week ending June 9, 1888, paid 14,114 pensions, amounting to $452,734 27. This is three thousand more pensions than were ever paid before in a single week.

—The merits of newspaper advertising is well estimated by a prominent soap man of Philadelphia when he said that he confined his advertising to newspapers "because the man who does not read the papers does not use soap."

—The Treasurer's sales of seated and unseated lands commenced on Monday and were finished up to-day (Thursday). If the titles should mature there will be a number of free-holders added to the list two years hence.

—Some of the prominent citizens of Tyrone have been trying to make arragements with the Amateur Opera Company of this place to visit Tyrone and play the "Mikado," but what the Company intends doing we have not learned.

—The dwelling and store room of J. H. Haywood, at South Fork, was discovered to be on fire at an early hour on Friday morning and was entirely destroyed. The loss is estimated at $1,500 on which there was no insurance.

—Four thousand miners of the Clearfield region met at Morrisdale and decided to refuse store-order payments for wages hereafter. The men want semi-monthly pays in cash, and until this is guaranteed they will not go to work.

—A vat at Roberts' tannery, in Jefferson, York county, was opened recently for the first time since the war began, and over seventy calf hides which had been there since that time were taken from the vat in a good state of preservation.

—The lately discovered copper mines near Henrietta, Blair county, have been purchased by W. S. Taylor, and the vein will be developed. About 250 tons have already been mined, showing a large percentage of copper, with traces of silver.

—An unfurnished house of seven rooms in the east ward, Ebensburg, will be ready for occupancy and for rent by the 15th of June next, will be rented for the summer or for a term of years. For particulars apply to Henry Byrne, Ebensburg, Pa.

—Two Mormon delegates are holding meeting in Blair township, near Hollidaysburg, and the farmers have threatened them with violence if they do not leave. They are probably the same parties who were in this place a couple of weeks ago.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—Mrs. Henry Byrne, of this place, had another slight paralytic stroke on Tuesday last, on the opposite side from the former stroke. We understand that she is improving however and it is to be hoped that she will soon be able to be about again.

—Notices have posted at the works of the Central and United coke companies in Westmoreland county stating that either a shut down or reduction in wages will take place on Saturday next. Trouble is feared, as the Slavs employed there are disposed to be ugly.

—On last Friday little Charlie Rider, of Bellefonte, while playing, fell down stairs and bit his tongue. Profuse bleeding followed. Every effort was put forth by the most skilled doctors to stop the flow of blood, but without avail, and the boy died on Sunday morning.

—A very violent rain and hail storm passed over the lower end of Huntingdon county Sunday night, destroying much fruit and grain. Orchard trees were uprooted in Shirley township. The county almshouse at Shirleysburg had the roof blown off, and the southern portion of the building was wrecked but no one was hurt.

—The United States Senate has passed the bill appropriating $75,000 for a public building in Altoona.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from the Wopsononock Stage Company, of Altoona, to join a delegation of editorial bretheren on a jaunt to the celebrated Wopsononock hotel, on the mountain out from that city, to-day, (Thursday) but owing to our numerous duties we are compelled to give up the pleasure of being there.'

—William Adams, of East Conemaugh, one of the oldest engineers on the Pennsylvania railroad, was here in attendance at court, as a juror during the present week. He was married forty-four years ago by Rev. Matthew Gibson, whose remains were buried here on Tuesday, and Mr. Adams attended the funeral as a pall bearer.

—The Blair county Republicans on Monday nominated the following county ticket: For Assembly, Capt. C. S. W. Jones, of Tyrone, and A. P. McDonald, of Altoona; Sheriff, John Orr, of Altoona; Prothonotary, Charles Geesey, of Hollidaysburg; Poor Director, A. J. McKee, of Hollidaysburg; Jury Commissioner, J. G. Walters, of Bellwood.

—According to a Boston statistician the cost of the fences in the United States is greater than the national debt. Now add to this the cost of the land rendered profitless and almost valueless by the fences and the amount will aggregate more than twice the amount of the national debt. The day is not far off when at least half the fences must go.

—Rev. Father David, pastor of the new Catholic congregation in Cambria borough, announced on Sunday, that the corner stone of the new school and church building will be laid on Sunday afternoon next, June 17th, at 3 o'clock. It is expected that Bishop Phelan will be present and a number of others. The ceremonies will be interesting. —*Johnstown Democrat.*

—The County Commissioners of Erie county were surprised last week to learn from the representatives of the May estate, owners for the device of locking cell doors without going inside the corridor, that the county of Erie was infringing on such a patent and that the royalty of such infringement from 1870 would be $2,850. The Commissioners have no defense.

—The Philadelphia *Evening Herald*, a first class daily paper has been coming to our office for the past week. It is an Independent Democratic paper ably edited and gives all the latest news. Terms, $3 per year or 25 cents per month. If you want a good Democratic daily send in your subscription to the *Evening Herald*, No. 21 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—To-day (Thursday) will be the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the stars and stripes as the National emblem. On June 14, 1777, Congress resolved that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This is the first recorded legislative action for the adoption of a National flag.

—A portrait of General Sheridan by Mrs. Darragh is on exhibition in Philadelphia. It is a gift of Mr. Childs to West Point, which already owns Mrs. Darragh's excellent portrait of Grant. Mr. Darragh is well known to a number of people in this place, where she formerly lived, and is a daughter of the late Dr. D. T. Storm, who at one time was Prothonotary and afterwards a County Commissioner of this county.

—A tramp stopped at the residence of David Brown, in Portage township, on Friday last and after behaving in a disorderly manner Mr. Brown attempted to put him out, when he seized a club and dealt Mr. Brown's father-in-law a terrible blow on the head, knocking him unconscious and producing injuries that may prove fatal. The tramp was arrested and brought to jail and gives the name of Oliver Jackson.

—Mr. D. W. McConnell, while working on his farm in Allegheny township on last Friday, killed three large black snakes where he was clearing a piece of ground. The largest of them measured six feet seven inches and the smallest five feet ten inches in length. Dan. thinks that there is a den of snakes around there handy but as he is not the Daniel spoken of old, he would rather meet the snakes on clear ground than in the den.

—A coal miner, whose name has not been learned, was so badly crushed by a fall of slate in one of the Hayward Company's mines, at South Fork, Cambria county Monday afternoon, that he died in about three hours after being rescued from the debris, which buried him out of sight. The unfortunate man had been employed in the mine only about a week, and was working in a heading when death came to him in such a sudden and shocking shape.

—Miss Jane Gittings, daughter of the late Andrew Gittings, of Cambria township, and formerly a resident of Ebensburg, died very suddenly at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Owen Davis, in Johnstown, on Sunday last. She was sitting on a chair nursing one of sister's children, when without uttering a word, dropped the child and fell to the floor and almost instantly expired. She was about 47 years of age and was a sister of Mr. John Gittings, of Jackson township.

—On last Friday morning the dead body of a man who had been struck by a passing train during the night was found alongside of the railroad track near Lilly. The man was well dressed, appeared to be about 60 years of age, and in his pockets were found $7.27. Near by were also found two valises. He is supposed to be John Hanson, of Karthaus, Clearfield county, as a pass-book found on his person showed an account in that name with Spear & Cowen, storekeepers, at that place.

—Michael Ryan, who lived at Lilly, where he was employed as a check-weighman, was run over by Fast Line east at East Conemaugh on Saturday night. He had been to Johnstown and went to East Conemaugh with the intention of boarding a freight train to ride home. He sat down on the track to await the arrival of a freight train and it is supposed went to sleep, when Fast Line came along and struck him. His body was cut in two and horribly mutilated. His remains were taken to Lilly for interment.

—The result of the Democratic primaries in Westmoreland county is as follows: John A. Marchland was nominated for State Senator. Dr. J. H. Lafferty, of New Florence; J. K. Ellwood, of Adamsburg; Dr. W. B. Cosgrove, of New Derry and James B. O. Cowan, of Greensburg, son of late United States Senator Cowan, were nominated for Assembly; D. A. Mowry, of Derry, for Prothonotary; James D. Best, of Hempfield township, for Clerk of Courts, and Samuel A. C. Crise for Jury Commissioner.

—The most dangerous counterfeit note in this country at present, said Detective Scanlon, of the United States Secret Service, to a New York *Telegram* reporter, "is the ten-dollar United States Treasury note known as the 'Webster head.' It has been on the market for some time and is so cleverly executed that it deceives experienced cashiers. The only noticeable fault about it is that the nose onthe vignette of Webster is crooked. The plate is in the hands of a combination of men, and they put out bills in the most cunning way. They came here and in three days got rid of fifty or a hundred of them. The next heard of them will be in Chicago or some other large city.

—Henry Fisher, a man of about thirty-five years of age and with a family living in Johnstown and in the employ of the P. R. R. Company, was seriously if not fatally injured Saturday afternoon at Everson. The crew were going to side-track several cars at the station. The train was being drilled, when Mr. Fisher was jerked off the car be was standing on, falling on the track between the rails. The car passed over him and the brake bars caught and dragged him along, breaking both his arms and using him up in a frightful manner. He was brought to this place after having his wounds dressed, and sent to Johnstown on Philadelphia Express.—*Greensburg Record.*

—During the storm of Wednesday evening last Mrs. Clawson, who lives within two miles of Clarksburg, in the southern end of the county, was engaged in milking her cow under the shelter of a locust tree, when a bolt of lightning struck the tree. Her little four-year-old boy had cuddled in close to the trunk of the tree and he was instantly killed. The mother was rendered insensible by the shock, and was conveyed to her home and medical aid summoned. She is now nearly well. The readers of the *Messenger* will remember two years ago the account published in these columns of the sad drowning of two boys, in Crooked creek, near Creekside, in Washington township. The Mrs. Clawson referred to above was a sister of the Anderson lads.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* says: "The Rev. Father F. A. Kittell, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church, this place, is the inventor and patentee of a new church collecting box that readily commends itself for neatness and simplicity. By a single turn of the handle the money drops into the receptacle, which is of strong flexible material. The construction is quite simple and cannot get out of order. It is of light weight, and is of elegant appearance, having brass trimmings. The advantages of this invention are that if a man puts a button or a counterfeit coin on the plate the collector, seeing it, can immediately collar him and lead him out of church (and kick him into the bargain). Again everybody will have to give something, and a man who ought to give a dollar will be ashamed to drop a penny or a nickle for his next neighbor will see the amount of his contribution. Again, everybody in a pew will be able to see what those in the forward pew contributed."

Communication.

St. Augustine, June 11, 1888.

Mr. Editor.—I was passing along the road in Clearfield township on a Sunday afternoon quite recently, I was surprised to see a game of base ball going on alongside of the road. The home base was so near the road that the players and the umpire could easily be identified, quite a number of the players wore what I supposed was a base ball uniform and strangest of all, the umpire was an acting *Justice of the Peace*. I always thought when a man took the oath of office, which a justice is required to take, he could not knowingly violate the law and encourage others to do the same without committing a grave crime, perhaps I am mistaken, if so, I ask for light from anyone that knows. P.

Shooting at Hastings.

On Wednesday night the new town of Hastings had its first baptism of blood. Mr. Caleb Gray has a hotel at that place and his son-in-law, Edward W. Jones, a young man about twenty-five years of age is the manager, lives in the house and has general supervision over it. On Wednesday evening Raphael Burns, a somewhat noted character who is very often involved in quarrels put in an appearance at the house and about 10 o'clock when Mr. Jones wanted to shut up the house he requested Burns to leave. Burns refused to go and a struggle ensued which finally resulted in Burns seizing a chair and making for Jones at the same time threatening to do Jones up. Jones seized a revolver that was convenient and blazed away, the ball striking Burns in the side of the mouth and glancing on the side of the jaw, followed the jaw bone around the side of the face and came out at the side of the neck. Burns has an ugly wound but is not dangerously hurt which is a good thing for both men. Jones came to this place on Thursday morning with the intention of giving himself up, but on the advice of his attorney, he concluded that as he had acted in self-defence he would let the law take its course and await a warrant if Burns saw fit to prosecute.

Murder and Suicide.

A terrible domestic tragedy was enacted in Reade township on Monday last which resulted in a murder and suicide. A couple of years ago William Glasgow, a young man residing in Reade township, married the daughter of William Lumadue, who owned a small farm near the village of Glasgow. A few months ago Lumadue bought a house and lot at Glasgow, where he went to reside and his daughter and son-in-law Glasgow, moved on to the farm. Lumadue shortly afterwards made a deed to his daughter for the farm. For some reason Lumadue became dissatisfied with the arrangemement and the relations between the father-in-law and son-in-law for some time have been strained. On Monday Lumadue started for the residence of his son-in-law and Mrs. Lumadue, fearing trouble started for a justice of the peace. What passed between Lumadue and his son-in-law when they met will never be known as there were no persons present, but two pistol shots in quick succession attracted the attention of people near and on going to the spot they found Glasgow dead with a bullet hole through his forehead and Lumadue lying senseless with a bullet hole in his head at the base of the ear. Lumadue had first shot his son-in-law and then placed the pistol to his head and fired, with suicidal intent. He was taken into the house and medical aid summoned but there were no hopes for his recovery. By his rash act Lumadue leaves his wife a widow, his daughter a widow, and a little grandchild about a year old an orphan. Lumadue was about forty-five years of age and a very passionate man when excited.

Death of Father Gibson.

Rev. Matthew W. Gibson died at the residence of Mr. J. A. Shoemaker, a near relative by marriage, in this place, on Saturday, June 9th, 1888, in the 72d year of his age. He was born in Hexham, England, received his primary education at Ushaw College, in the county of Durham, after which he was sent to the Propaganda in Rome by Cardinal Wiseman, where he remained eight years. He came to the United States in 1832 and was ordained a priest in Philadelphia in 1841 by Archbishop Kenrick. His first charge was at Loretto, this county, where he acted as assistant to Rev. P. H. Lemcke, the successor of Father Gallitzin. In 1842 he was appointed pastor of the church at Wilmore, this county, where he remained several years. He was next appointed pastor of St. John's Church in Worcester, Massachusetts, and had also charge of three other congregations in that vicinity. He remained there eight years and then went to Racine, Wisconsin, where he continued his ministrations during the war of the rebellion. After the war he returned to England and was appointed by the bishop of "Hexham and New Castle" pastor of Monkwearmoth, in Sunderland, where he built a large stone church. After some years he was appointed chaplain of Callaly Castle in Northumberland, where he remained until about four years ago when he returned to this country and took charge of the congregation at Beverly, New Jersey. His health having become much impaired he came to this place in the latter end of March last with the intention of passing the remainder of his days with his relatives, Mr. Shoemaker, before referred to, and Gen. Joseph McDonald, who is married to a sister of the deceased. He crossed the Ocean seventeen times and had traveled through Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland and France. Father Gibson was a highly educated man and spent an active and busy life in ministering to the spiritual wants of the various congregations in this country and England committed to his charge. He was a sincere and zealous priest and was loved and respected by all who knew him. His funeral took place on Tuesday from the Church of the Holy Name in this place, after a Solemn Requiem High Mass had been celebrated by Father Walsh, in which Prior Otto, of Carrolltown, acted as Deacon; Father McHugh, of Wilmore, as Sub-Deacon; and Father Donnelly, of Gallitzin, as Master of Ceremonies. An eloquent funeral discourse was delivered by Father Donnelly. May his soul rest in peace.

The Wild Man of Mahaffy.

A dispatch from Mahaffy, Clearfield county, to the Pittsburg *Com-Gazette*, says: "The people of this village are trying to solve a mystery. On Saturday, May 26, a gentleman driving along the road leading from Curwensville to this place, noticed smoke issuing from a pine thicket on the south side of the river a mile below Mahaffy. In the center of the thicket there is an old tumble down log stable, used years ago by lumbermen for their horses. The ground adjacent to the thicket is an open common used as a pasture for cattle. On Saturday last while a Mr. Johnson was looking for his cow, he noticed a man suddenly bound out of the stable and make for the woods as if afraid to meet a fellow creature. On other occasions this same man has been seen but always fled like a wild animal when observed. Yesterday 'Squire W. W. McQuown and Emery Mahaffy made an investigation of the place and found in the old place a rude bed made of hemlock boughs and a fire place a few feet from the couch, where the strange individual cooked his meals.

No person was to be seen, however. The hermit had evidently noticed the approach of the party and escaped to the mountain, a short distance back of his lonely habitation. A more desolate place for a human being could not be found. A den of rattlesnakes, only a few hundred feet from his camp, which is the terror of the neighborhood, must certainly furnish weird music for the lone citizen. The hermit is a man about 40 years of age, of all and commanding figure. His hair and beard are unkempt, and he looks as though he had been roughing it for months. Who is he? is the question the people of Mahaffy are anxious to have answered.

THE NEW WORK.

Geological, Geographical, Physical and Illustrated Work of Cambria County.

We take pleasure in stating that we have given a careful examination of the illustrated historical works published by this firm in adjoining counties, and we unhesi tatingly pronounce it the most perfect and complete work of the kind that we have ever seen.

We at this time have no map of Cambria county. In the last twenty-two years or since the last map was published nine new townships have been formed thereby rendering the present map useless. This new combination work that this company designs publishing contains maps of the United States and county and each township and village thereof; a history of the county and each of its townships; portraits and biographies of its representive citizens; views of residences, farms, places of business and many features that tends to make the work complete in itself, and which at the same time commends it to the special favor of the public.

In binding, engraving, printing and general beauty of design and execution those works have in our estimation no superior.

This is very important work for our county. We have at this time a new coal development that interests every man in the county, and in this new work will be shown all the mineral developments in all parts of the county with a full geological report. If his firm meets with the success, that will warrant them in undertaking the publication of this work, and we hope they will, as it is something the county needs, they will commence at once.

We hope that all our enterprising citizens will give their support to the work to enable its publication.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively soure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

—Messrs. McConnell & Saupp, corner Eleventh avenue and Fourteenth street, Altoona, Pa., have the largest stock of clothing, hats, etc., in Altoona. Bargains in everything in their line.

Court Proceedings.

Court met at 10 o'clock on Monday.

Frank Spade, aged 14 years, charged with being incorrigible was sent to the Reform School at Morganza.

Joseph Bopp vs. Langbein & Thomas and Martin Yabner, Jr. Continued.

Hugh Williams vs. E. D. Vincent. Continued.

Use Hipps & Lloyd vs. G. W. Lloyd et al. Continued.

Same vs. same. Continued.

Esther Eager vs. Ferdinand Degram. Continued.

John Stabler vs. L. A. Craver et al. Continued.

Use of Patrick Comey vs. Edward McGlade et al. Continued.

Newark Machine Company vs. A. J. Walker et al. Settled.

C. Wilkenson & Son vs. A. Recke. Settled.

Henry Scanlan, Lawrence Wyland and W. F. Gooderham were appointed viewers to view the location for a bridge over Brubaker creek in Elder township.

Augustine McConnell, Owen Ingoldsby and James Bradley, Sr., were appointed viewers to view the location of a road in Washington township.

Louise M. Haws vs. A. J. Haws. Libel in divorce.

The jury in this case went out on Tuesday evening and about 8 o'clock agreed upon a verdict which they sealed and left their room. On Wednesday morning when the jury appeared in the box to render a verdict, at the request of the plaintiffs counsel the jury was polled. The first and second jurors when called answered that they found for the defendant and when the third answered that he found for the plaintiff the jury was discharged and the case continued.

Anthony Anna vs. D. E. Notley. Trespass on case in assumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $531 88.

James Cassidy vs. D. E. Notley. Assumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $500.

Caleb A. Gray, assignee of C. McCombie vs. William R. Hughes. Assumpsit. Jury is still out as we go to press.

James Rodgers vs. William J. Kearney. Replevin. On trial.

—The President has approved the act of Congress providing that pensions heretofore or hereafter granted to widows of soldiers of the War of the Rebellion shall commence at the date of the death of their husbands.

This legislation favorably affects all claims of widows of the late war which have been filed in the pension office on or after July 1, 1880, and which have been allowed to commence from the date of the filing of the claim, but will not favorably affect the cases of such widows as were filed before July 1, 1880, and which have been allowed, having already been allowed in these cases from the date of their husbands' death.

The Commissioner of Pensions gives notice that in the settlement under this law of claims already allowed no formal application will be required, and that the services of attorneys will not be necessary. Widows entitled under said law need only a letter giving a named post office address and certificate number, and the claims will be allowed with as little delay as practicable.

The Blacklick Coal Region.

A correspondent of the Altoona Daily Times on Monday last gives this interesting description of the Blacklick coal fields:

"To the southeast of the quaint old Welsh village of Ebensburg—the county seat of Cambria county—there is an extensive and more than ordinarily attractive and valuable district of country, locally known as the Blacklick coal region. Hitherto from uncontrollable causes, chiefly no railroad development, the merited advancement of this rich and eligibly located mineral field—amongst the most desirable in Western Pennsylvania—has been unavoidably retarded and indefinitely postponed. Believing that the position and natural wealth of this region is only partially known and not clearly realized, and that intrinsically it deserves more attention and wider knowledge than has heretofore been accorded it, I shall endeavor to describe its topographical and geological features and resources, and the certainty it will afford for the safe and profitable investment of capital when it becomes better known to the general public, as it assuredly will in the near future, under the impulsion of railroad development. Then will it still further advance in interest and value, and unquestionably attract deserved consideration and the proper appreciation of capital and enterprise.

"The territory to which I refer extends southwesterly from near Ebensburg, on the head waters of the south branch of Blacklick creek, to the vicinity of the town of Blairsville, in Indiana county, a distance of thirty miles or more, and is embraced within the area lying between the crests of Laurel Hill and Chestnut Ridge ranges, trending northeast and southwest. For the most part it is a wild, unbroken mountain region, the face of the country to a great extent being covered by dense forests of primitive growth. Streams of greater or less magnitude abound, cutting through and exposing to view in many localities the various stratas of minerals along their courses. The most important of these are the north and south branches of the Blacklick creek—the source of the first named being near Carrolltown ten miles northeast of Ebensburg—which wind their tortuous courses along narrow valleys bounded on either hand by lofty hills, until their waters unite near the old Ritter furnace, in Cambria county, some twelve miles southeast of Ebensburg. Thence the increased volume of the stream flows onward, still in a southwesterly direction for upwards of twenty miles, ultimately forming a junction with the Conemaugh river near Blairsville.

"The hills on either side of these contracted valleys teem with mineral wealth. Bituminous coal of superior quality for all the purposes which that class of coal is used, crop out in strata above the water level to the summits, measuring from three and a half to six and a half feet in thickness. Iron ores of several varieties abound, the veins ranging from twenty inches to three feet, while fire-clays, suitable for the manufacture of the best quality of brick, have been developed in beds measuring from three to six feet in thickness. Limestone likewise abounds, as does sand and building stone, in unlimited supply. The total thickness of the coal measures that have been developed on the south branch of Blacklick creek and which have been examined and reported upon by an eminent geologist and mineralogist of Pennsylvania, is 31 feet and 1 inch. Iron ore exposed, 17 feet and 8 inches, and fire-clays nine feet in thickness.

"The geologist, etc., referred to, who examined several thousand acres of these Blacklick mineral lands, in his report upon them, makes the following statement: "An idea of the great value of these lands may be had by the great exhibition of mineral strata cropping out in the bluff hills on the creek, which runs through them. These stratas lie in horizonal position. Opportunities occur rarely in the bituminous coal formation of the Alleghenies for examining so satisfactorily such a large thickness of mineral measures as are developed on Blacklick as above described. The coal is of a superior quality for smith work, and for generating steam it is excellent. It makes the best of coke for manufacturing purposes, and it is believed to be a good gas coal. The iron ores were formerly mined on these lands, and smelted in the old charcoal furnace located at the junction of the north and south branches of Blacklick Creek, and it is claimed worked well in mixtures with the several kinds of ores found on the lands, and make an excellent iron. I have no reason to doubt this fact, as the ores are of good quality. Limestone of good quality has also been developed. In these lands then, the coal, iron ores and lime stone lie in juxtaposition. The three requisites for making iron are in the same hill and above water level, and the inducements and facilities thus presented for the erection of extensive iron works, and the cheap manufacture of iron, considering how cheaply the fuel ore and flux could be supplied and highly favorable."

These then are the visible mineral stratas that have been explored and exposed at many points along the Blacklick Valley, and which are known to exist in great abundance, but in addition it is confidently believed and asserted by scientific people that other minerals or mineral substances, at present "lost to view" in the depths of the earth, exist in large supply in the Blacklick basin, and that the geological formation or structure of this region unerringly indicates the existence of natural gas and petroleum in unlimited quantities. With reference to this subject the geologist already quoted in his report says: "Gas and oil springs exist on the margins of the Blacklick and its tributaries, and, geologically, this country presents as favorable indications for petroleum as are found elsewhere where oil is obtained in large quantities. I can see no reason why paying oil wells cannot be had if the proper sites were selected for boring them on the main stream and its tributaries, and abundant yields of petroleum obtained at moderate depths. In the vicinity of the old (Ritter) furnace, heretofore mentioned, about fourty years ago a "bore hole" was put down to a moderate depth, and without the aid of modern appliances, the object being to obtain salines for the manufacture of salt. The well yielded quite a large supply of salt water, but the "bore" also developed a vein or deposit of natural gas, which to this day forces its way to the surface with great power and purity through a large volume of water."

It may be remarked here that the foregoing statements barely do justice to the facts in connection with this remarkable mineral district, but notwithstanding its unrivaled local conditions and advantages, and its vast display of mineral wealth and mineral resources exhibited on every hand, this region has hitherto remained in comparative isolation and obscurity, owing almost wholly, as stated in the outset, to the lack of railroad development and transit facilities, such alone as railroads are enabled to supply. In fact the construction of one or more lines of railroad into and through this mineral district may be said to have become a paramount necessity, as it means the permanent development by affording avenues for transporting its products to the markets of the country. When this shall be accomplished it will assume the importance it justly deserves, and rank with the richest and most productive and durable mineral sections in Western Pennsylvania. The local traffic alone on such a road would be immensely lucrative and of itself would be a profitable investment."

Several railroad lines have been from time to time surveyed and located through the Blacklick territory. The first instrumental survey of this kind was made in the years 1839-40, by authority of the State Board of Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania, "for a continuous railroad from Harrisburg to Pittsburg," the work being placed under the direction of Charles Q. Schlatter, civil engineer, with Messrs. Rabeling and Fox as his principal assistants. The service was thoroughly and scientifically performed, as might have been expected from the professional knowledge and attainments of the distinguished engineers engaged. Their routes were surveyed at that time between the above named cities, namely, Northern or Blacklick route; the Middle, very nearly the present line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Southern, almost identical with the subsequently located and partially completed line of the South Pennsylvania Railroad. Of these three lines, Mr. Schlatter, in his final report to the Commissioners, recommended the adoption of the Northern and Blacklick route, westward after passing the summits of the Alleghenies, as being the most direct and practical as to gradients and economical of construction.

It was supposed that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in projecting its road from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, some years ago the Schlatter survey would have adopted this northern or Blacklick line, but it is presumed that the acquisition of the late improvements paralleling its present line for a considerable distance westward, after passing the summit of the Alleghenies, coupled perhaps with potent local inducements, induced that Company finally to adopt the middle of present route between those cities. Since then other surveys and locations for a railroad traversing the valley of Blacklick have been made, east and west, by independent companies, the last by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and uniformly with the same favorable results attending the Schlatter survey, and reports, viz: direction, low grades and minimum cost for construction. Therefore, if science and the advantage of position are to be considered of any weight, there cannot be a question as to the superior availability of the Blacklick route, for upward of thirty miles, as a portion of the proper line of location for a great short line railroad between the east and the west, not to mention the local inducements (as herein shown) that can be offered for its construction, in the shape of a never failing tonnage traffic from its abounding mineral and other productive resources.

In view then of this solid and durable mineral wealth, and of its unequalled natural situation and advantages, it is to be hoped that the time will not be long deferred when the merited importance and inestimable value of this matchless Blacklick mineral field shall become fully known and appreciated under the quickening impulse of enlightened enterprise and unstinted railroad development. Camlo.

June 8.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, June 13, 1888:

Harry M Hay, Johnstown, and Annie Curoow, Summerhill.

Charles Becker and Theresa Hoover, Elder township.

William H. Fry and Lizzie Sowens, Morrellville.

Conrad Mattern and Elizabeth Hesselbine, Johnstown.

James L. Edwards, Johnstown, and Lizzie Shearer, Franklin.

Stephen L. Reffner, Reade township, and Lovina Catharine Huber, Elder township.

Jacob Kutruff, Chest township, and Mary Catharine Beck, Elder township.

Cyrus Harbaugh and Melissa J. Hammer, Bedford county, Pa.

I Have Had

catarrh for twenty years, and used all kinds of remedies without relief. Mr. Smith, druggist, of Little Falls, recommended Ely's Cream Balm. The effect of the first application was magical, it allayed the inflamation and the next morning my head was clear as a bell. One bottle has done me so much good that I am convinced its use will effect a permanent cure. It is soothing, pleasant, and easy to apply, and I strongly urge its use by all sufferers.—Geo. Terry, Little Falls, N. Y.

THE

CAMBRIA FREEMAN,

Ebensburg, Penn'a.,

$1.50 Per Year $1.50.

The coming National Campaign will an exciting as well as interesting one and no person should be without a good newspaper. The Cambria Freeman will faithfully chronicle all national and local events and will give its readers all the news. The price is within the reach of all and no person can afford to be without it.

A TIP TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and reliable circulation of the Freeman (1,200) commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers and their favors will be inserted at the lowest rates. The Freeman is read weekly by about 1,500 people.

THE JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

connected with the Freeman, is one of the most complete in the county. Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Envelopes, Circulars, Dodgers, Posters, Programmes, etc., etc., will be printed on short notice, in the latest styles and at the most reasonable prices.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

The grand display of all wool $10 Suits now offered for sale by Woolf, Son & Thomas, the Champion Clothiers of Johnstown, has stirred up the whole community. Customers are coming

BEWILDERED BY THE GREAT BARGAINS

and competitors fairly paralized. Everybody admits that these

ALL WOOL $10 SUITS

are equal to any $14 Suit sold elsewhere in Johnstown. A big Variety to select from.

☞ See their great display of new Spring Hats. A beautiful

Imported Photograph

will given free with every Hat.

ADJOURNED

Orphans' Court Sale!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to me directed, I will expose to Public Sale at Exchange Hotel, in the Borough of Chest Springs, on

SATURDAY, JULY 7, '88,

at one o'clock, P. M., the following described

Valuable Real Estate.

A certain piece or parcel of unseated land situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the East by land of John Darbin and and Michael yWrock, on the South by land of John Karlheim and others, on the North by land of Hugh Hagan and John Darbin, containing 130 acres more or less. This land is densely covered with valuable timber.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

CELESTINE McMULLEN,
Trustee to sell certain Real Estate of Matthew McMullen, dec'd.
June 15, 1888.-3t.

Assignee's Sale

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate!

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, to me directed I will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, '88,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria County, Pennsylvania adjoining lands of Mary and Ann Fury, George Lents, Edward Bradley and heirs of Dennis Bradley, deceased, containing fifty acres more or less, having a two-story house, a log frame barn and the necessary outbuildings thereon erected.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid when the property is sold, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of the sale and the remainder in two equal payments in six months and twelve months from the confirmation of the sale. The deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

M. D. KITTELL,
Assignee of Francis Maloy, et ux.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 8th 1888.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John H. Fiske and Mary his wife, of White Township, Cambria County, have made an assignment of all the estate, real and personal, of the said John H. Fiske to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said John H. Fiske are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against him will present them to me properly authenticated for settlement.
M. D. KITTELL,
Assignee of John H. Fiske, et ux.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 8, 1888.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Whereas, letters testamentary to the estate of Catharine McAteer, late of Washington township, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the estate of the decedent will make known the same without delay.
F. M. GEORGE,
Executor.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Whereas letters of administration on the estate of David Stiles, late of Blacklick township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MARY STILES,
Adm'x of David Stiles.
Blacklick township, May 30, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth O'Hara, deceased, late of Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to.
JOHN O'HARA,
Adm'r of Elizabeth O'Hara, dec'd.
Cresson, Pa., May 11, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Joseph Noel, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration of the estate of Joseph Noel, late of Munster township, county of Cambria, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to
JOHN J. NOEL, Adm'r.
Munster, Pa., June 1, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Estate of Peter Flick, deceased. Letters of administration upon the estate of Peter Flick, late of Portage township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CHRISTINA FLICK, Adm'x,
Portage, June 1, 1888-6t.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, S. J. Sell, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared and 58 well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story-plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 75 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warrantee deed guaranteed.
MARY FURY,
ANN FURY,
June 1st. Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale a water power saw mill with from one to five acres of ground situated in Elder township, Cambria county, Pa. The mill has a 16 feet over shot wheel, a circular saw, is in good condition and is located about one-half mile from the new town of Hastings, on the Brubaker railroad, and within a quarter of a mile of the railroad and a branch of the railroad is located running within five rods of the mill. The mill is surrounded with a fine lot of timber, yet to cut. For a good investment, this is a rare opportunity. Call on or address the subscriber on the premises.
SEBASTIAN HOLTZ.
Elder township, April 27, 1888.—3m.

WOOL! WOOL!

Wm. Murray & Son want you to bring your wool to Altoona and get the highest market price, either Cash or Trade. We have the largest stock of Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets in Central Pennsylvania to select from.
WM. MURRAY & SON,
1315 and 1317 Eleventh Ave.,
June 8th, 1888.-3m. Altoona, Pa.

CHEAPEST and BEST. Prices Reduced
HOLMAN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES!
Pages. Over 2000, Fully Illustrated. Ag'ts wanted free. A Circular, J. Holman & Co., Phila

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS!

Notice is hereby given that the COUNTY TREASURER of Cambria County will attend, for the purpose of receiving County and State Taxes assessed for the year 1888, at the places of holding the elections in the respective districts, on the dates mentioned below:

South Fork	July 16th.
Croyle Township	July 17th.
Wilmore	July 18th.
Summerhill	July 19th.
Portage	July 20th.
Lilly and Washington, No. 1	July 23d.
Tunnelhill Borough	July 24th.
Gallitzin	July 25th.
Washington Township, No. 2	July 26th.
Munster	July 27th.
Barr Township	July 30th.
Susquehanna Township	July 31st.
Elder Township	August 1st
Carrolltown	August 2d.
Carroll Township	August 3d.
Clearfield Township	August 6th.
Dean Township	August 7th.
Reade Township	August 8th.
White Township	August 9th.
Chest Township	August 10th.
Chest Springs	August 13th.
Ashville	August 14th.
Gallitzin Township	August 15th.
Allegheny Township	August 16th.
Loretto	August 17th.
Blacklick Township	August 20th.
Cambria Township	August 21st.
Ebensburg, East Ward	August 22d.
Ebensburg, West Ward	August 23d.
East Conemaugh	July 16th.
Franklin	July 17th.
Woodvale	July 18th.
Conemaugh, 1st Ward	July 19th.
Conemaugh, 2d Ward	July 20th.
Johnstown, 1st Ward	July 23d.
" 2d Ward	July 24th.
" 3d Ward	July 25th.
" 4th Ward	July 26th.
" 5th Ward	July 27th.
" 6th Ward	July 30th.
" 7th Ward	July 31st.
Millville, 1st Ward	August 1st.
Millville, 2d Ward	August 2d.
Cambria, 1st Ward	August 3d.
Cambria, 2d Ward	August 6th.
Coopersdale	August 7th.
Prospect	August 8th.
Grubbtown	August 9th.
Jackson Township	August 10th.
Upper Yoder	August 13th.
Taylor, East	August 14th.
Taylor, West	August 15th.
Conemaugh Township	August 16th.
Stony Creek Township	August 17th.
Adams Township	August 20th.
Richland Township	August 21st.
Lower Yoder	August 22d.

A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all Taxes paid on or before September 1st, and after October 1st 5 per cent. will be added on all unpaid.
THOS. E. HOWE,
County Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office Ebensburg, May 23, 1888.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. Clean Towels a Specialty.

What Medical Men Say.

Superintendents of Hospitals and the Faculty in general have, over their own signatures, endorsed, for purity, age and quality, the now well-known stimulant,

KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.

The price is within the reach of most anyone, being only $1.50 for a full quart. You can also get the following well known brands, never less than six years old: Finch's, Gibson's or Guckenheimer's. Full quarts, $1 each, or six quarts for $5, neatly packed and sent anywhere. Send the money, that I may ship to you direct and obedient to all laws. Address
MAX KLEIN,
Dealer in Rye Whiskies,
May 11, '88, 1 yr. Allegheny, Pa.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons, is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

WE WANT YOU!

To send us 40 cents for one of our



6-in. FARM WRENCHES.

Light, Handy and Strong, will Outwear and Outlast two Ordinary Wrenches.

YOU WANT

An Ellrich

Household S. D. Set.

This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screw-drivers and 2 chisels) fitting same; all packed in a neat wood box. This tool is constantly useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Sent free on receipt of $1.60.

Ask Your Local Dealer

for them, if he has not got them, he will get them for you, or we will send either on receipt of price, as above. *Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue.*

ELLRICH & CO.,
Plantsville, Conn.

AGENTS

WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. Sbow.

DR. DIX'S CELEBRATED FEMALE POWDERS are safe and always effectual. Used today by 10,000 American women. Guaranteed superior to all other remedies, or cash refunded. Sent by mail, $1. Particulars 4c. Dr. Dix, 37 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Life of HENRY WARD BEECHER bound in cloth and gold, finely illustrated, giving his life from his birth to his death. Price One Dollar. Expressage prepaid.
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Station G, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Humorous.

A job lot—Boils.

The farmers' share—The plowshare.

A writ of attachment—A love letter.

A stringed instrument—The clothesline.

Failure in the yarn trade—Writing unsuccessful novels.

The fellow that is hard up is apt to become a man of note.

Many a widow's weeds are wilted by the simple phrase, "Wilt thou?"

Why does the ocean get angry? Because it has been crossed to often.

The cockroach is always wrong when he attempts to argue with a chicken.

If a young man feels that his life is a blank he should try to fill it out and have it sworn to.

It dosen't matter how tough a young man may be, a good looking girl is very likely to break him up.

Mrs. Partington claims that there are few people nowadays who suffer from "suggestion of the brain."

When an Arab of the desert wants to inquire if his sister is going to leave home for a while he says, "Are you going oasis?"

When you are at sea and ask a man at the wheel how she heads, and he tells you. "Sou' sou's-east-by-sou," you get all the news there is in a small compass.

"Mable, I have something to say that I think will astonish you." "What is it, Harry?" "I am going away." "O, Harry! you are always getting up some nice surprise for me.

Visitor: Your new house is very pretty; but you will have trouble to do anything with the garden, it's so small, but, then, I shall put in folding-beds."

A hotel located in the West, is being advertised as follows: "There is no gilt-edge business about this house, and if you want to eat pie with a knife you can do it without fear of being ostracized from society."

The pitcher had a little ball, and it was white as snow, and where the striker thought it was that ball it wouldn't go. It had a sudden in-shoot curve, it had a fearful drop, and when the striker wildly struck, that ball it did'nt stop. "Why does the ball fool strikers so? the children all did cry. "The pitcher twirls the ball you know," the teacher did reply.

Bread Baking.

A barrel of good flour should make from 270 to 285 five cent loaves. Many bakers blend four brands, as two Minnesota Springs and two Indiana Winters, before they get the right alloy. Others use only one grade of spring and two of winter wheat. These make the best brands of fancy bread. Formerly yeast was made of malt, potatoes and hops, and this is extensively used. Fancy bread bakers use a patent yellow compressed yeast. It is popularly supposed that bakers use alum extensively in order to whiten their bread. That is not the fact. There is no necessity for the use of alum, and it is not used in the trade. There are about twenty large steam bakeries in New York, which give employment to several hundred men. One of these, a noted Broadway establishment, makes a specialty of Vienna bread and does an immense business. Vienna bread is made in air tight ovens, of the best grade of flour, and milk is used instead of water in mixing the dough. In baking the steam settles back on the bread instead of escaping. This makes the outer crust thin and tender, and gives the bread a peculiar rich taste and pleasant aroma. What is known to the trade as "steam" bread is another recent invention. It is made of the very finest of flour and baked in air-tight pans, which inclose it on all sides. It is thus baked in its own steam, and possesses a flavor peculiarly its own. One very large bakery in New York is devoted solely to the production of scrafed bread. It is a steam factory, and the bread so made is extremely light and spongy. The invention is an English one, but has been in use here for years. When the dough has reached a certain consistency, it is run into an air-tight cylinder and strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas. This creates the lightness and sponginess without detracting in the slightest from its nutritious qualities.

How Ink Is Made.

Ink is variously composed, according to the purposes to which it is to be applied. Common writing ink is the pertannate of iron, mixed with a little gallate, held in suspension in water by gum or some other adhering substance. The gum also preserves the ink from being too fluid and also serves to protect the vegetable matter from decomposition.

Blue ink bas of late years been much in demand. The coloring matter is said to be sulphate of indigo and tincture of iron, or according to another recipe, Prussian blue dissolved in water by means of oxalic acid. Red ink is usually made by boiling in the proportion of two ounces of Brazil wood in a pint of water for about a quarter of an hour, and adding a little gum and water. This ink is not in demand now, carmine having superceded it; this color is attained by a solution of carmine and ammonia, also adding gum. The great merit of our common writing ink is in the freedom with which it flows from the pen, allowing of rapid writing, and the manner in which it bites into the paper, so as not to be removed by sponging. The great defect is in the want of durability. Such inks partake of the nature of dyes. The writing ink of the ancients, on the contrary, is characterized by great permanency; its basis was finally divided charcoal, mixed with some mucilaginous or adhesive fluid. Indian ink is of this character; it is formed of lamplblack and animal glue, with the additions of perfumes, not necessary, however, to its use as in ink, and is made up into cakes. It is used in China with a brush, both for writing and printing upon Chinese paper, and it is used in this country for making drawings in black and white, the different depths of shade being produced by varying the dilution with water.

"Writing ink, is now made in large quantities in New York, and whereas in the past we used to import largely, we now export to almost every country.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.



GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier Superior to quinine

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 25 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE
For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1888. 17.



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NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE



PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
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COUGH KILLER
CURES COUGHS AND COLDS
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION
All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

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Beautifully illustrated. 25 cts., $3 a Year.

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The "Opera" Piano is a strictly first-class instrument, fully warranted for five years. The most perfect instrument in the market and the
Most Moderate in Price.
Catalogue, Terms, Prices, and full information by mail.
Special inducements to readers of this paper.
Our Cottage Upright is a marvel of beauty, and the highest grade of excellence.
☞ It will pay to write us.
(MENTION THIS PAPER.)

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For CHEAP EXCURSION To
CALIFORNIA.
$72 from St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route
$60 from Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Ry
Tickets are good for six months, limited to sixty days for going passage with stop over privileges at pleasure within limit of west-bound passage. Special excursion trains leave St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route, February 16th and Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Railway, February 17th. For All coupon offices in the United States and Canada, will sell tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco for this EXCURSION at

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For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC.
Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE.
It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

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Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

A DIURETIC.
In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.
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These revolvers are an exact duplicate of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON. .38 Caliber, using Centre-Fire Cartridges.
Self-Cocking, Automatic Ejecting,
FULL NICKEL PLATED, RUBBER HANDLE.
WARRANTED EQUAL IN EVERY RESPECT TO THE SMITH & WESSON.
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Manufactured by THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

BEST IN THE WORLD!



MARLIN Magazine Rifle.
For large or small game, all shot. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market.
BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
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IDEAL RELOADING TOOLS
WILL SAVE ONE-HALF THE COST OF AMMUNITION.
Made for all sizes of Cartridges which are used in any of the following Rifles or Pistols: Martin, Colt's, Winchester, Ballard, Stevens, Remington, or Whitney-Kennedy; Smith & Wesson; also for all gauges and makes of
SHOT GUN SHELLS, PAPER AND BRASS.
Cheaper and better than any other. Send for Price List of these tools to
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for 1888, will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Catalogue with Colored Plates, and the FINEST COLLECTION OF SEEDS ever offered. ☞ Our specialty is supplying MARKET GARDENERS with varieties specially adapted to their purposes, and all TOOLS necessary to manage a complete garden. If you grow VEGETABLES FOR MARKET, tell us so when you send for our Catalogue.
JOHNSON & STOKES, 219 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
SEEDS

OILS! OILS!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade, the finest brands of

Illuminating : and : Lubricating : Oils,
NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE
THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLIUM.

If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours.

Trade for Ebensburg and Vicinity Supplied by
V. S. Barker & Bro.,
Ebensburg, Pa.

BESSEMER
BOOT
H. CHILDS & Co
PITTSBURGH PA.
SOLE LEATHER COUNTER
WILL NOT RUN OVER
ALL SOLID LEATHER
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
H. CHILDS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING,
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.
V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

KENTUCKY MULES.



The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Armheis & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
☞ Correspondence solicited.

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American Newspapers. ☞ 100-page pamphlet, 10c

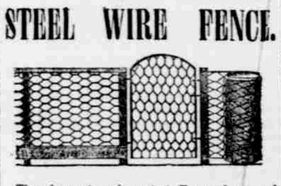
PAINTS.
Dry, Ground in Oil and Ready-Mixed.
We guarantee every Package bearing our firm name, and will REPAINT where satisfaction is not given.
Sterling Ready-Mixed Paint.
40 Beautiful Colors.
MARBLEINE, SUPERIOR TO KALSOMINE.
24 Exquisite Tints.
Perfect Imitations OF NATURAL WOOD. 6 Colors.
WOOD STAINS.
Unique Coach Paints, 9 Colors.
PAINTS and VARNISH in ONE APPLICATION, AT A COST OF 50 CENTS FOR A BUGGY.
Harness Oil, &c., &c.,
SAMPLE CARDS FREE.
The Wm. B. Price Mfg. Co.,
347 WARREN AVENUE,
BALTIMORE, Md.

WE want SALESMEN everywhere, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

SALESMEN WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid. Apply at once, stating age.
(Refer to this paper.)
SNELL & HOWLAND,
Rochester, N. Y.
April 6, 1888.-8t.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

STEEL WIRE FENCE.



The cheapest and neatest Fence for ground Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Also, all kinds of Wire Work. Write for Prices. State kind and quality of fence wanted. Manufacturers of Fire Escapes and Iron Work.
TAYLOR & DEAN,
203 & 205 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
March 28, 1888.-6m.

SALESMEN WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age.
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY
(Refer to this paper.)
Rochester, N. Y.

I. P. Thomas & Son's,
BONE FERTILIZERS
Contain all the valuable elements obtable manure in a concentrated form. Specially prepared for all crops. They are manufactured for results—permanent results. They cannot be beats in the field.
OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For he same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. Try use them and you will endorse them.
MANUFACTURED BY
I. P. THOMAS & SON,
Philadelphia, Penn'a.
FOR SALE BY
W. J. ANSTEAD, Johnstown,
JOSEPH A. NOEL Ebensburg.
March 3d, 2m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
Leave St. Louis at 8:50 P. M., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

A Tourist in Judea.

Jenin is about three days' ride from Jerusalem. The first day takes one up over Scopus, from whence is obtained the best far off view of the Holy City, past Gibeah, where David permitted the murder of Saul's seven sons; past Ramah—where Rachel mourned for her children; past the bethel of Jacob and past the somber rock country of Judea, a country of the weird pencil of a Dore to Smjil, where the first night is gladly spent after a few days battling with the aggravating stony paths. A land flowing with milk and honey, Palestine, may have been, but as most tourists see barren Judea first it would seem as if the milk must have been curdled and petrified into these present, very present rocks. Honey, too; and man thinks indignantly of that imitation stuff to which they are now reduced and which they have the assurance to proffer here in this supposed honeyed land.

After this insult added to the already potent injury of the stones and rocks, tired mortal hails his tent with joy, hails even these iron structures on which we are pending a third of our time, and the bedding of which is not so hard as a pine board, neither is it eider-down by a long shot. Yet you cling to that bedding with strong desire as, at 5 or 6 in the morning as may be, the pragoman comes to call you. Coffee is served in a half hour. the men are already beginning the uncording of your tent, so you must arise. In another half hour all are supposed to be ready to mount and be off, thus taking advantage of the cool and delicious early day. A rest of a couple of hours is made for luncheon (which has been brought on donkey back) and for a lounge for you, and if the rood may be applied, for the horses also. Arriving at the day's journey's end, one is highly gratified to find everything set up as marvelously as it disappeared while taking his morning coffee. Dinner is served at half past 6 and the evening is passed in conversation, cards, or in writing up journal, for early to rise means early to bed. Some one has said that this combination means healthy, wealthy and wise, but I don't believe it—except for Palestine.

For tent life is a happy one—when it does'nt rain. Even if it does, your canvas house is, it is to be hoped, of double thickness and well corded down by Arabs who have been doing just that same thing all their lives. Against dampness, sometimes a board flooring is laid, but large rugs are always spread upon which the bed and washstand are always set up, and which makes a pretty harmony with the inner canvas covering which has been gayly adorned in a sort of Oriental patchwork, the effort of Carirene art ideas, and presents an inviting appearance—cool by day and warm by night—something like the Irishman's whiskey, cold in summer and hot in winter. With your chair in the doorway, or reclining by the adjustable window, you settle down to Baedeker or Stanley or Hepworth Dixon, feeling quite sure that the tent arrangement is the most sensible mode of living yet invented—for Palestine. Particularly is this true if, at this juncture, Hassan makes his appearance with a cup of tea, which he always has ready on your coming into camp.

Good Manners.

Good manners are not so common as to be of no weight in society, like good spelling or language. One may be as rich as the Rothschilds, one may be highly educated, and not possess them, or any may have them in a degree.

The Duc de Morny's definition of a polite man was, "one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them;" but this is but one phase of his character. Good manners are more serviceable than a passport, than a book account, or a lineage.

They make friends for us; they are more potent than eloquence and genius without them. They undoubtedly spring from a kind heart, and are the dictates of good humor. They are not something to be learned from fashion news and books of etiquette; they are not imported or borrowed. The good-mannered person does not tell us our failings, does not lecture us; he does not merely wear his manners because they are becoming or polite, but because he can no more exist without them than without air.

They resemble the antique painted glass, in which colors were not laid on but stained through; they are as much a gift as poetry is to another, or inventive faculty. There are those who may be said to have a positive genius for them, as another has for conversation; they know how to sway others by them.

Polite people have an influence that is not due to their position or possession learning or their wit. There are those who believe that good manners are only another name for good clothes and good food and good homes with the modern conveniences and luxuries, that they are talkative and emphatic and showy; but we do not always find that the best-mannered people live in palaces.

Good manners are something which nobody can afford to do without, no matter how rich or powerful or intellectual he may be. They add to beauty, they detract from personal ugliness, they cast a glamor over defects, they ameliorate the round shoulders of this person and the squint of the other.

Where they exist, imagination supplies deficiencies af every other attraction. They are contagious, like the measles, but they must be more than skin deep to be of any service.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

Why Rain Does not Fall Equally in all Places.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally in all parts of it; instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West as in New Mexico and Arizonia.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and the east being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken up from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually become cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the time they reach western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country, from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and mean fair weather; while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern States have an abundance of rain, while the Central and Western States are often very dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a monttain range, it bends upward and rises high in the air to past over. In so doing it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the winds blow almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side while on the other rain is exceedingly rare.

This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receives sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Alleghany, the Rocky, and the Wahsatch ranges; while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence, the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,000 square miles, which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual rainfall of not over four inches, and is ftherefore a desert.

Composting Materials.

The true mode of saving manure is to compost it, or to thoroughly mix it with some absorbent material. On the farm the stocks, straw and leaves may be advantageously used, but time and labor may be saved by first reducing all such materials as stocks and straw to short lengths, first using them for bedding the animals, and then adding them to the manure heap. The absorbent materials take up the liquid manure and prevent evaporation and "fle-fanging," while the manure, in turn, assists in decomposing the absorbent materials, thus converting the whole more quickly into available plant food. Throwing stalks and whole straw into the barnyard to be tramped is a well-known practice, but it requires a much longer time to reduce them to pieces in that manner as they are partially protected by a thick silicate that is not only insoluble but renders the whole impervious to water. The materials used in the manure heap are quickly decomposed by water, as chemical action occurs more readily in liquids. The labor required to reduce the absorbent materials to a fine condition will be found insignificant compared with the labor saved in handling, spreading and hauling the manure to the fields, as those who have been accustomed to loading manure containing undecomposed cornstocks are aware, and an additional advantage is also secured in the manure being in a more complete condition for application and as plant food. But it is best to always use the absorbent materials in the stalls, in order to allow them to be saturated by the liquids, and after the formation of the heap any liquids that may be saved should be poured over the heap. In this manner a large quantity of manure may be made of a superior quality and far more serviceable than that not so carefully prepared. Dry earth is cheap substance, and should be used freely, while marl, in addition to be excellent absorbent, in itself contains potash, lime and the phosphates in an insoluble condition, but which are changed in composition and converted into plant food by the action of the manure. If well sheltered and protected from the rains and sun a greater value will be possessed by the manure than if exposed to the influence of the weather.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

GERANIUMS may be placed outside now, and slips can be taken for new plants.

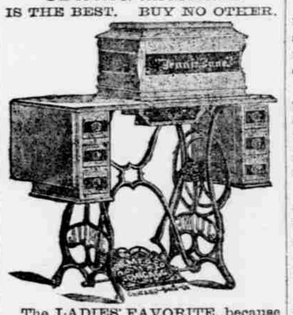
Do You Chew?
Then get the BEST which is FINZER'S OLD HONESTY
Genuine has a RED H tin tag on every plug.
OLD HONESTY is acknowledged to be the purest and most lasting piece of Standard Chewing Tobacco on the market. Trying it is a better test than any talk about it. Give it a fair trial.
Your dealer has it.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS & SLEIGHS



Carriage Making in all its Branches.
Painting, Trimming
and REPAIRING of all kinds done on the SHORTEST NOTICE and the LOWEST PRICES. Also, Planing, Sawing and Wood Turning with improved machinery. Also, all kinds of heavy work done. Carriage smith shop, connected
All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.
D. M. CHUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT
HIGH ARM
"JENNIE JUNE"
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.



The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JUNE MANUFACTURING CO.
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED
To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock
We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men. Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if preferred. We grow a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock, including the new and rare sorts. Exclusive territory given. Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. The business is easily and quickly learned. State age. Name this paper. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.



DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS.
A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory,
No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

THE BEST WAY
To get a First-Class Watch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.
FINE WATCHES
AT THE
LOWEST CASH PRICES
Only $1.00 a Week.



Thousands of the best $58.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.
This is the Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient, and only co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only Dust and Dampproof Movements made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with GENUINE RUBIES. The Patent Stem Wind and Set is the strongest and simplest made. They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch. Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.



THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO.
236 Chestnut St.,
P. O. Box 928. Phila. Pa.
We refer to any Commercial Agency. AGENTS WANTED. Clubs Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.
WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Vagaries of the Mail.

Books, pamphlets and music can be sent at third class rates.

The postage on a pair of boots will be at the rate of one cent an ounce.

Tea, coffee, sugar and kindred articles can be mailed at the rate of one cent an ounce.

Clothing is classed as merchandise, can be mailed only at the rate of one cent an ounce.

Wedding cake can only be mailed when packed in a tin or wooden box. Confectioneries the same.

A book presented for mailing with a letter attached to it would subject the entire package to letter rates.

Matter enclosed in a sealed envelope, though the corners may be cut or the ends notched, is subject to letter rates.

Liquids, poisons, explosive and inflammable articles are not received for mailing, no matter how carefully wrapped.

Chromos, engravings or lithographs belong to the third class and can be sent at the rate of two ounces for one cent.

If you wanted to send a suit of clothes by mail which weighed six pounds you would have to make two packages of it.

Photographic and autographic albums are classed as merchandise and postage is charged at the rate of one cent an ounce.

Animals, reptiles, live or dead (not stuffed) insects, except, queen bees when safely secured, are excluded from the mails.

An unclaimed postal card is not returned to the writer, even though the address is given upon it, but is sent to the dead letter office.

Letter heads, bill heads and envelopes, blank or printed, are charged as merchandise, and postage must be paid at the rate of one cent an ounce.

A postal card is not mailable with any writing or printing on the address side, except the address, nor with anything pasted or pinned to the other side.

When mail matter is once deposited in a postoffice or in a street letter box it is beyond the control of the person putting it there and cannot be reclaimed.

The dead letter office is a monument to the carelessness and stupidity of the American people. The average number of letters received there daily is about 15,000.

Every business man should use a return-request envelopes in all his correspondence. If everybody used them the dead letter office would soon wind up its business.

Postal cards are handled with as much care and promptness in the matter of dispatch and delivery as though they were letters, even though the matter thereon is printed.

Third and fourth class matter can be mailed in the same package, provided it does not exceed four pounds in weight, but it subjects the entire package to fourth class rates.

A newspaper is not forwarded in the mails unless postage is fully prepaid, so don't think you can beat Uncle Sam by attaching a one cent stamp when two are required.

Don't forget that all parcels deposited for mailing must be so wrapped that they can be examined without destroying the wrapper, otherwise letter rates of postage are charged.

There are thousands of little articles now sent by express which can be more safely, quickly and carefully carried by mail if registered. The fee is only ten cents in addition to the postage.

In making a present of a book it is permissible to write an inscription or dedication upon the cover or one of the blank leaves, but it must not contain anything that partakes of personal correspondence.

Written visiting cards are regarded as first class matter and subject to letter rates. If printed they can be sent at the rate of one cent for each two ounces; that is, if the card is of an embellished design.

Any person who sends money or jewelry in an unregistered letter not only runs the risk of losing his property, but places needless temptation before persons who might not otherwise be tempted to commit a felony.

In all your correspondence, whenever it can be done, give the street and number, as well as county and State. This saves much time and is a sure preventive against errors of delivery. It is much better to spell the name of the State in full.

A box with its lid nailed on is held as being closed against inspection and is therefore subject to letter rates. Postmasters have no right to pry open such a box and nail it up again. Even if they had the right to do so, they have not the time.

A tax bill, a receipt, an abstract of title, a power of attorney, a promissory note, mortgage, a draft or check, canceled checks, coupons, an invalid bill, a statement, a voucher, a telegraphic dispatch, a bank note, or any document with writing upon it, is subject to letter rates.

Table Etiquette.

Never smack your lips when eating.

Never pick your teeth at the table.

Never propose a conundrum or whisper at table.

Never put your finger into your mouth.

Never put your knife into your mouth.

Never put your elbow on the table.

Never carry fruit or bonbons away from the table.

Never scrape your plate or tilt it to get the last drop of anything it contains or wipe it off with a piece of bread.

Never play with your knife and fork or salt cellar, or balance a spoon on your glass.

Never watch the dishes as they are uncovered nor make any explanation when the contents are revealed.

Never tuck your napkin, bib-fashion, under your shirt collar. Unfold it and lay it across your lap.

Never say r do anything at table that is liable to produce disgust.

Never stretch your feet under the table so as to touch those of your vis-a-vis.

Never bite fruit. An apple, pear or peach should be peeled.